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A ROMANCE

*Read not this book
for fear of life
or
For this owner
comes a big jack knif*

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

BY

EUGENE BATCHELDER.

BOSTON:
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This Book

IS VERY RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

WILLIAM EDGAR, ESQ.,

AND THE GENTLEMEN OF

THE NEW YORK YACHT SQUADRON.

P R E F A C E.

“ I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move ; ”

Love's Labor's Lost, Act IV., Scene 3.

I.

IN serpentine mazes this story will stray,
To scare you by night, and alarm you by day ;
If you read it at eve, when the bat slowly flits,
It may possibly frighten you out of your wits,
And, unless you've strong nèrves, just throw
down the book,
And never once dare in its pages to look.

I promise you here, and I give you my word,
That though some of the scenes may seem vastly
absurd,
And you smile, — but perhaps in the midst of
your grin,

If you're fishing, his snakeship will just take
you in;

Or perchance, sitting safe on a sea-beaten rock,
And of such beasts as Sea-Serpents making a
mock,

And telling the ladies who sit by your side
That o'er the blue waves you have sailed far and
wide,

Full many strange sights in the ocean have seen,—
“But Sea-Serpents,—bless me! I’m not quite
so green!

Pontoppidan,¹ skippers, may say what they please;
When they prove it, I’ll own that the moon is green
cheese,”—

Then just starting up from that wave rolling in,
You see first the back and then a great fin.

O horror of horrors! with red glaring eyes,
His head and some yards of his body will rise,
And seize you, and shake you, his fangs taste your
gore,

While you shriek, and the aid of the ladies im-
plore,

And convulsively grasp at the rocks and the shore;
But he’s got you; with joy he is wagging his tail;
He holds you aloft; the ladies, all pale,

Are fainting and screaming, and tearing their hair ;
Your sister sits mute in an utter despair ;
Fair Fanny is lying quite cold on the rock,
And Mary, so sudden and dreadful the shock,
Has gone off in hysterics, while Alice the gay,
Half frightened to death, is running away.

II.

A moment, — he 's gone ! Deep, deep 'neath the
wave,

He will dine on you safe in his pearl-spangled cave,
While the lady you loved, and who sat by your side,
Has plunged from the rock and sunk 'neath the tide.

I told you, dear reader, how shocking 't would be,
But that 's nothing to what you will by and by see.
I don 't like to be horrid, but, somehow or other,
I 'm convinced that this serpent is more than half-
brother

To a person whom I for the world would not men-
tion,

Though I own in the last line that was my inten-
tion ;

Yet perhaps he is not, but still I believe
That the serpent who humbugged our good mother
Eve

Was at least second-cousin to this one, and he,
I fear, was n't much better than such beasts should
be.

III.

If you dare to go down to the beach all alone,
The ladies will tell what a hero you 've grown;
Or if for a swim after tea you incline,
When the moon on the waves makes swimming
divine,

You will think — O how often I 've thought so
before! —

“If his Snakeship should come, why, my last
swim is o'er;”

And though I can't prove it, I have n't a doubt
That some of those men who so boldly strike out
In the surf, and who never come up from the
waves,

Find *something more fearful* than watery graves.
However, the story that I 'm going to tell you
Is one that the bookstores won't soon again sell
you.

'T will be funny and horrid, and horrid and funny,
And you 'll laughingly own that the worth of your
money

You 've had, for 't will teach you this lesson, — to
take

At the sea-side great care lest you 're caught by
the snake !²

IV.

To the merchant, the sailor, and every one who
Goes down on the deep, or has business to do
Upon the great waters, — to these let me say,
I think it quite likely the serpent in play
Has sunk many a ship on the wide heaving main,
And eat up the crew for fear they 'd explain
To the owners how 't was, — how it all came to
happen,

So he swallowed the Cook, and topped off with
the "Cap'en."

Sometimes I believe, and sometimes I doubt,
If there is such a beast as I 'm writing about;
Yet this I will leave to your own common sense,
For you are safe on this question to be on the
fence.

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CANTO I.

“The Ocean scarce spoke louder with his swell,
Than breathes his mimic murmur in the shell.”

BYRON, *The Island, Canto II.*

“Strange things come up to look at us,
The masters of the deep.”

SONG, *The Return of the Admiral.*

Om See-Drømne veed jeg ey nogen Beskeb,
Jeg haver ham aldrig med Ógnene feed,
Begierer ey heller den Aere ;
Døg Kiender jeg mause, som mig have fegt,
Hvis ord jeg og giver sandfaerdelig Magt,
Hau maa ret forsaerdelig vaere. 3.

PETER DASS's *Description of Norland, A. D. 1749.*

I.

THE stars on the tranquil sea are beaming ;
Each brilliant seems set in the depths
below,
As you lean o'er the taffrail, idly dreaming
That the firmament shines where the bil-
lows glow.

II.

So silent the night, so calm, so fair,
So easy the yacht through the ocean
 swung,
That you seemed to be sailing the seas of air,
 In a patent balloon from a comet flung.
Four figures, enjoying their mild cigars,
 On the quarter-deck in silence sat,
Too much engaged in watching the stars,
 To care for a bit of pleasant chat.
The smoke that the idle smokers blew
 Lazily round them slowly rolled,
Or, lingering, tinged with cerulean hue
 The swinging mainsail's drooping fold.
Near them, a little abaft the hatch,
 A group of ladies motionless lean
O'er her painted sides, the stars to watch,
 Perfectly charmed by the stilly scene.
White was her deck, snow-white her sails,
 That idly swung with the heaving swell,
Fitted to catch the summer gales,
 Or "the wind of the winter night" repel;

Beauteous the curve of her arrowy prow,
Which oft has danced through the seething
 foam,
Where the figure of Hope like a look-out now
Seemed watching the light that told of
 home.

III.

Light were her spars, yet not too light
For the snowy cloud she sometimes spread,
When, swift as the soaring sea-bird's flight,
 Away ! away ! from the fleet she fled.
Swift, O swift, must the rapid yacht be,
That can catch the Hope, the Queen of the
 Sea !

The trim-looking tar who stood at the wheel,
Watching the pennant which idly hung,
The spell of the twilight hour could feel,
 And forgot the strain that he sometimes
 sung.
Forward, the men—a dashing set—
On the heel of the bowsprit half reclined,

Wishing a breeze would the ocean fret,
 Yet still to their lot seemed half resigned.
They were off Nahant, and far away
 As your eye could stretch, or the sailors
 see,
The waters of our glorious bay
 Held many a tall ship lazily ; —
Ship, and boat, and schooner, and all,
 Lazily rise, and lazily fall,
As slowly, gracefully, roll on roll,
 The ocean heaves from pole to pole.

IV.

But see ! through the waves what cometh
 here,
With its smoke, and flame, and glittering
 light, —
Like a demon burst loose from another sphere,
 To career till morn through the shades of
 night ?
On, on, like a king it walks the waves !
 See how its glare illumes the sky !

Neptune and all his hosts are slaves,
When the glorious steamer dashes by !
Lightly, and brightly, on she speeds,
By the yacht becalmed, and the tall ship,
—ah !

Little the calm or gale she heeds,—
Away she shoots like a shooting star !
This broke the spell. Enchanted they woke
From the slumberous stillness the hour
threw

Around them. Yet first the ladies spoke,—
But that, you know, is nothing new.

v.

“ This is the hour I truly love,”
Said a musical voice in accents low ;
“ So calm below, so clear above,
While the waves like burnished mirrors
glow !

For O, how still is the summer sea,
When the stars shine out and the sunset
fades,

Giving place, with its gorgeous drapery,
To the silver moon and the evening
shades ! ”

“ Ah, true, Miss Percy ! this charms you,
then ? ”

Said Hunt, as he stepped to the maiden’s
side,

And tossed the cigar, that he smoked with
the men,

Into the gently heaving tide.

“ Perchance for *your* sake I might bear
The sluggish calm, and the silent seas,

But O, I had much rather dare
The mountain wave and the ringing
breeze !

There ’s far more danger lingering here,
Than when, close-reefed, we are lying to ;
But, ladies, I would not cause a fear,
So, Forbes, we will have a song from you.”

Dick Forbes *could sing*, and you may be sure
At Newport, where they for weeks had
been,

His light guitar and his songs from Moore
Had delighted the ladies and teased the
men.

With a nonchalant air his guitar he strung,
And this was the song that Dick Forbes
sung :

SONG.*

I.

When twilight dews are falling soft
Upon the rosy sea,
I watch the star whose beam so oft
Has lighted me to thee ;
And thou, too, on that orb so clear,
Ah ! dost thou gaze at even,
And think, though lost forever here,
Thou 'lt yet be mine in heaven ?

II.

There 's not a garden walk I tread,
There 's not a flower I see,
But brings to mind some hope that 's fled,
Some joy I 've lost with thee ;

And still I wish that hour was near,
When, friends and foes forgiven,
The pains, the ills, we've wept through here,
May turn to smiles in heaven !

O, soothing and sweet is the sounding strain
That Moore has wed to immortal verse !
For songs so good we shall look in vain,
Although we are often bored with worse.
The song was o'er. — A strain arose
From the deck of a schooner floating near.
So still that hour of calm repose,
Each word sank deep on the listener's ear,
And, mingling with the manly tone,
A maiden's voice was gently heard :
Upfloating to their Father's throne,
This soft petition was preferred.

I.

Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night Thy voice makes known ;
Through all the earth, where thought may reach,
Is heard the glad and solemn tone,

And worlds, beyond the farthest star
 Whose light hath reached the human eye,
 Catch the high anthem from afar,
 That rolls along immensity.

II.

O holy Father, 'mid the calm
SIN
 And stillness of the evening hour,
 We, too, would lift our solemn psalm
 To praise thy goodness and thy power ;
 For over us, as over all,
 Thy tender mercies still extend,
 Nor vainly shall the contrite call
 On thee, their Father and their Friend.*

Dick Forbes could sing nothing so good as
 that,
 So he tuned his guitar with a careless air,
 And, sighing, declared the B string flat,
 And wondered what maid in the schooner
 there,
 Possessed such voice, such feeling and skill,
 And who in the world the man was who

* "A Psalm of Night." — W. H. Burleigh.

Sang with the maid and kept time so ill ;—
He was sure he could teach *him* a thing
or two.

“ That’s malice prepense,” cried the gay
Miss Wood ;

“ I never heard better time or tone ;—
Excuse me, but pray, sir, be so good,
Ere you criticize others, to mend your
own.”

Miss Wood was one of those fairies who can
Say whatever they choose in a certain
way ;

When you gaze on her face, you are more
than man,

If you dare to dispute her magic sway.

Forbes felt all this, so he did n’t speak,
For he knew in a minute again she ’d turn
And ask him to come some day next week,
That difficult passage in “ Norma” to learn.

So he whistled an air, and tuned a string,
As Miss Wood approached and demanded
when

He was coming that little song to bring,
That he wrote for her in the woodland
glen.

“ You would n’t care if you heard it ? ” —

“ No,

Do sing it.” — “ Yes, some time, not to-
night,

For I rather think I must go below ;

I ’ve a cold.” — “ Well, really it must
be slight,

For you never before sung half so well
As you did just now in ‘ Twilight Dews.’

You know, Miss Prince, and you, Miss Bell,
How well he sung, — now don’t refuse.”

“ But pray, Miss Wood, say how can I,
Who keep, as you say, such poor time,

To dare to please you *even try*, —

For now you ’ll scold both tune and
rhyme ?

Ah ! here ’s my sister ; she will do
Better than I should think of doing.

I feel, like indigo, somewhat blue,
But Sue will sing without much suing.”
Sue Forbes ! — can pen and ink reveal
The lovely shapes that haunt the earth,
And through our morning visions steal,
With smiles of love and eyes of mirth ?
Can you picture the forms on the canvas
spread
At the International Rooms of Art,
Or draw figures with ink, either black or red,
That like these seem ready to speak or
start
From their gilded frames, and ask you to
take
A ticket in one of the raffles there,
Or tell you Miranda would blush to wake,
And find her bosom so cold and bare ?
Can you take the dome of the State House
down,
And wash it clean in the Fountain pond ;
Bring Bunker Hill Monument into town,
Or a comet secure from the eyes of Bond ?

Can you tell how many men there are
Go out of town ere the first of May,
Or why they had much rather by far
Their tax in the country than city pay ?
In short, can you tell why the old South End
Has gone up town two miles or so ?
Or how far Boston would extend,
Provided you 'd give it room to grow ?
Or when the new balloon will start,
That 's bound for San Francisco's Bay,
Or when any true and noble heart
Will cease to honor Harry Clay ?
When you tell me this, to you I 'll tell
Some other things that are strange and
true,
But at present just imagine how well
Sue Forbes * would have sung this song
to you.

* "I cannot describe her, but wait for a while,
Till you find one face most fair ;
When that loved one's moments you strive to beguile,
And gaze on her features in hopes of a smile,
Imagine Sue Forbes is there "

I.

There is no rest. The sky above us beaming
Sees angry storm-clouds scud athwart its face,
Old earth whirls on, with countless millions teem-
ing,

Each jostling forward in the busy race.

There is no rest. Each past remembrance throng-
ing,

Calls from our memory's chamber secret sighs,
While the dim future, with its heartfelt longing,
Seems crowded thick with awful mysteries.

II.

There is no rest. Our souls are but beginning
The lengthening race that they have here to run ;
Eternity 's the earthly goal we 're winning ;
Death is not rest, for life with death is won.

There is no rest. Forgetful and forgetting
That soul must be, that thinks to find it here.
Why c'er regret what is beyond regretting, —
That the true rest is in another sphere ?

Miss Wood and Miss Bell demanded again
That Forbes the promised song should
sing.

So Dick, who in truth was somewhat vain
And good-natured, swept each sounding
string ;

Then, humming a moment, he caught the
air,

And sang this song to the ladies there :

S O N G .

I.

Give me the girl with courage strong
To curb the restive steed, —
To cheer my heart with thrilling song,
When I of rest have need.

To care for me for something more
Than idle friends may know, . . .
And love me better than before,
Should streams of sorrow flow.

II.

And, ah ! should I this treasure find,
From selfish passions free, —
A girl of frank, ingenuous mind, —
Then what ought I to be ?

I'd be,— O, never doubt my word,—
Could I my love discover
By *billet-doux* or carrier-bird,
I'd be that maiden's lover.

“ You whispered of danger even here,”
Said Miss Percy, when the song was
done ;
“ But what have I in this world to fear,
When so near the heart of my dearest
one ?
Beside, dear Hunt, at the sunset hour,
I breathed a prayer to the God of all,
Who rules the world, that his eye of
power,
Which ‘ seeth even the sparrow’s fall,’
Would look with mercy on us to-night,
And save us safe from storm and harm.
I almost deemed, when the clouds grew
bright,
And the rainbow came, that this silent
calm

Was perhaps an answer to the prayer
That I in faith had breathed to Heaven ;
For I seemed to hear through the silent air
A spirit whisper, — ‘ Your wish is giv-
en ! ’ ”

VI.

“ Ah, Mary, long I ’ve known thy power ;
Thy gentle heart can mine subdue ;
I own I thought, in the battle hour,
That perhaps I owed my life to you ;
For when, beneath San Juan’s walls,
The shot and shells full thickly flew,
Too well my glancing mind recalls
How through the fight I thought of you,
And you for me, fair lady mine,
Unknowing still my danger, here
Were bending humbly at the shrine,
Where, but for thee, perchance my bier
Had rested, — but thy faith prevailed.
You know the rest. But who can know
What guards the sailor, when, unmailed,

He bares his bosom to the foe ?
In love's unwritten history
There is a sympathetic chain,—
Links formed and forged in mystery,
That maids nor poets can explain.

VII.

“ I know your power, but cannot think
That even the winds and waves obey ;
Though 't is said that the king of beasts
will shrink,
And turn from the path of a maid away ;
'T is a fancy wild. But He who spread
The waters of the glorious sea
Has stilled them,— you have often read
The miracle of Galilee.
'T is true I spoke of danger near ;
I was thinking of stories strange and old,
That well might blanch the cheek with
fear,
By the ancient Skalds to the Vikings
told.

High up among the northern seas,
Where glittering icebergs coldly shine,
Their bards sang sagas wild like these,
While bearded sea-kings quaffed their
wine.

I love right well their Runic lore,
And often in my boyhood's days
Have gathered from its ample store
Of mystic rites and stirring lays,
Wild legends of those stormy seas ; —
Traditions strange, that stranger men,
Borne thither by the tide and breeze,
Have told, which then were told again
Unto their children, until years
Had made them seem almost divine, —
Till e'en a nation's hopes and fears
Bent humbly at tradition's shrine.”

“ But why to-night, dear Hunt, should you,
When all around is calm and still,
Look bluer than the ocean's blue,
Or feel this sense of coming ill ? ”

VIII.

“ Ah, Mary, have you never heard
 Of a monster vast in the northern seas,
Who lives below when the waves are
 stirred
By the dashing storm, or the ringing
 breeze,
But, in the calm, when the storm is
 done,
And the waves are still on the summer
 sea,
Comes up to bask in the noontide sun,
 And play on the tranquil ocean free?
So monstrous his size, and so vast his
 length,
Vessels and boats are naught to him ;
He laughs at the ship and her boasted
 strength ;
He is king of the sea ; the fishes that
 swim,
When they meet him, are frightened half
 to death ;

He drives them before him in mighty
shoals ;

They flee till they 're fairly out of breath.

When they see his eyes that blaze like
coals,

They wish for the shore, or the fisherman's
hook,

Or anything else they dreaded before,
And cast at the serpent a piteous look,
That might touch the heart of Agassiz.

But *he*

Only takes, from a school of a thousand
fishes,

For the school at Cambridge some two
or three,

And preserves them safe in fine glass
dishes.

Some day next week, if you please,
we 'll go

To Cambridge, where I have sometimes
been,

And see those fishes set in a row

And converse with those grave and learned
men,

Who wield so well the glittering steel,
Chase savage foes from gloomy dens,
And make the world most truly feel
The might, the power of *good steel*—pens!

IX.

“ Not so with the serpent. He eats up
Some twenty-five dozen of sharks for
dinner,

And after that on a man would sup,
Or seize a boat and the crew that’s in
her;

He scares the dolphin, and frights the
whale;

The sword-fish flees when he sees him
coming;

The brave sea-lion himself turns pale,
And feels a fear that’s quite benumbing.
All the huge creatures that swim in the
sea

Had rather by half keep out of his way.
In vain the small fry madly flee ;
He makes of them an easy prey.
Ah, Mary, I saw him once, when I
Made to the north that fearful trip, —
I'm glad you were not with me.” — “ Why,
What nonsense you 're talking ! ” said
Captain Skip,
Who was walking the deck near where
they stood,
And happened some words to overhear
About the serpent, and what he could
Do in the way of inspiring fear.
Captain Skip was one of those bluff sort
of men
Who always say what they have to say.
Hunt felt 't was no use to be angry then,
For he knew it was only the captain's
way.
“ I know,” says the captain, “ they tell
strange tales
Of serpents vast in the briny deep,

As long, perhaps, as two or three whales ;
If it's true, they must at the bottom
keep,
And only come up, say once in a while,
To see what's going on above.
It's enough to make a lobster smile,
To hear you telling the maid you love
There is any kind of danger here
From any such fabulous fish as this ;
I've sailed the sea for many a year,
And never saw one. Nor do I wish
To see one ; for if such things be,
They are dangerous beasts most cer-
tainly.”

X.

“ Well, captain,” cried Hunt, “ I was
going to tell
A little story of danger and fear,
Of what once some old North-traders
befell ;
I heard it when I was there in the year

Eighteen hundred and thirty-seven,

And I tell you the ‘tale as ’t was told to
me.’

’T was sworn to by witnesses ten or eleven,
All men of undoubted veracity.”

All on deck approached to hear
The tale which Hunt began to relate ;
Some of the crew stood respectfully near,
For they ’d anchored there at the hour
of eight ;

The sails were furled, for the trip was
through,

So of course the men had nothing to do.

But here, gentle reader, I ’ll throw down
my pen ;

When I ’ve leisure, perhaps I ’ll write
again,—

That is, provided you care to read
A story written at railway speed.

CANTO II.

"They continued to row on, till at length Eymer told Thor if they did not stop, they would be in danger from the great serpent of Midgard.
* * * * * It is impossible to express the dreadful looks that the god darted at the serpent, while the monster, raising his head, spouted out venom upon him."

The Edda, XXVII. Fable. [The journey undertaken by Thor, to go to fish for the great serpent.]

I.

BUT e'er the Lieutenant tells his story,
I 'll tell you something he did n't know ;
That two men, that day, in a little dory,
Had seen the serpent swim to and fro,
Between Nahant and the beach at Lynn,
While two hundred men on the shore, at
least,
Were ready at any court to go in,. . .
And swear that they had seen the beast.
Quite an exciting scene took place,
So I am told by those who saw it;

Old and young in boats gave chase,

For a great reward had been offered for it.

“ Out with the boats ! hurrah for the snake !

Look ! look ! o'er the sea his head he 's
raising.

Whoever gets him his fortune will make,

And a blaze of glory he 'll end his days in.

Out with the boats ! — it 's something like
fishing,

To fish for a fish six hundred feet long ! ”

While some on the shore most devoutly were
wishing

That they had Thor's bait and his fish-
line strong,

With which he nearly caught the snake

Over two thousand years ago,

When Eymer thought it best to take

Care of his boat, — with a single blow

He cut the line, and let him go.⁴

Pull, my hearties, you in the boat

Where the bow-man poises the bright har-
poon !

Every man there, with his heart in his
throat,

Hopes to see fun with the serpent soon.

(Those men were Nantucket whalemen
old,

Who had sailed the sea both far and near,

And oft to their friends in Lynn had told
What they'd do if the serpent came that
year.)

Like lightning the steel from his sure
hand glances,

They've struck him, — three cheers for
those valiant men !

See where the boat like a cockle-shell
dances

In the wake of the monster, as down to his
den

He rushes as fast as an arrow can fly

When sped from the string of a trusty
bow;

- As swift as the eagle mounts the sky,
He plunges down to the depths below !

Every man, with his hair on end,
Held on to his oar in mute despair,
Thought of his mother, — and some pretend
Each had to hold on to his neighbor's hair.
So fast the serpent flew through the waves,
Though calm, it seemed to blow hard now;
Look out, my hearties, for watery graves,
If with his tail he staves your prow !
Some in the boat were saying their prayers,
Some were too much frightened to pray ;
While others thought they'd sell him in shares,
When they got him up to Boston Bay.
A Boston merchant, safe on the beach,
Was thinking how much he'd bring on
“ Change ; ”
His daughter lost all power of speech
At a sight so most terrifically strange.

On flew the boat ; — up came the snake ;
But only a moment he stays above,
Just to see which course he 'd take,
And to give them a touching proof of love.

Away he shoots for the great hotel.
Blinded with rage, he does not see ;
Or, if he does, he knows right well
That all Nahant would certainly flee.

Should they see him coming right
ashore,
Every one there would run away ;
For, though he had often been there of
yore,
Lately he 's rather preferred to stray
On the less frequented shores of Maine.

Nor is it at all surprising he should ;
But it 's rather droll to hear farmers
complain,
That, merely to cheer his solitude,
He knocks down their walls and rolls in
their grain ! ⁵

II.

On fled the snake, and swiftly flew

The boat behind through the dashing foam;
There never was a more frightened crew;

All of them wished themselves safe at
home.

One old sailor, Richard Rough,

Sung out — “ Avast there ! cut the line !
Chasing whales is fun enough,

And catching serpents may be fine
Sport for those who like it ; but I

Am inclined to think, by his strength
and fuss,

That he does n’t seem inclined to die ;

And though sport to him, ’t will be death
to us.”

On fled the snake ; Solomon Soils

Looked over his shoulder, and said to
Brown,

“ What would Kimball pay for one of those
coils

For his Museum up in *Bosting town ?* ”

“ Pooh ! Kimball ? — he does n’t want the
snake ;

He has one now, but it ’s stored away,
And it ’s only waiting its turn to take,

After the mermaid has had its day ;
But Barnum — ” “ Cut the line ! ”

cried Rough,

Again ; “ I say there ! cut the line ! ”
But the man in the bow was of sterner
stuff,

And he meant to hold on till the sun’s
decline.

Rough rushed to the bow, with his knife in
his hand, —

“ I ’ll cut it ! ” he cried ; “ ’t is our
only hope ! ”

But he slipped, just how I don’t understand,
And fell into the sea ; meanwhile the
rope

Held on to the snake, and away they fled,
Like a Cunard boat o’er the waves of
blue,

When the serpent turned round and laughingly said,

“ To catch me you ’re altogether too few ! ”

At this a tremendous bound he made,

And started off as brisk as a linnet ;

To cut the line, too long they ’d delayed,

For the boat was over, and all that were in it

Were lost, save one who held on to the keel ;

The snake did n’t stop to observe the disaster,

For he felt in his side the painful steel,

And so he clawed on for the shore the faster.

At Nahant the ladies in nice blue dresses

Were bathing, not far from the cove near the house ;

Just where the ocean the shore caresses,

The belles have come down their tresses to souse.

Softly the summer sun was playing
Over the calm and waveless sea,
Calmer far were those lovers straying
Under the shaded balcony.
Brightly those sherry cobblers glisten,
The bucks are drinking there at the bar ;
And while they drink, to this song they
listen,
Sung by a beau on his “ light guitar.”

I.

If charmed by thy witchery, loitering, I linger
Spell-bound, enchanted by beauty and song,
While Time, floating swiftly, denotes with his finger
That long hours have fled which have not
seemed long, —
O, if the wand of the wizard could win me
Hours and moments that long since are o'er, —
My heart, answering true to the spirit within me,
Would ask the past moments passed with thee
of yore.

II.

Still, when I meet thee, thy lovely face glowing
With more than the grace that thy girlhood e'er
knew,

While, from thy lips melodiously flowing,

I hear the loved song that I first heard from you ;
Then, revoking the wish I was just now expressing,

The wand of the wizard, how idle its powers,
Compared with the joy I feel in confessing

That thy song and thy smile have restored the
lost hours !

Fair was the day, but fairer still

Those sylph-like forms in the summer
sea ;—

Who could dream that aught of ill

Could mar their hour of revelry ?

Lightly they play with the glistening waves,

Or dive for the pearly pebbles and shells
Swept by the winds from ocean's caves.

But, hark ! do you hear those horrid
yells ?

On came the serpent right for the spot !

Like lightning gleamed his glaring eyes.
He doubts if the ladies are mermaids or not ;

The man on the keel, with a wild sur-
prise,

Suspects they are, but he does not know ;
For, ever since the boat upset,
He 's been tossed above and dragg'd below.
However, he shrieks, " Ho, look out
there ! get
Out of the way ! for heaven's sake fly !
Rush where you can ! if you linger, you
die ! "

On came the snake, like a whirlwind blast ;
Over the waves he fairly leapt ;
In the surf a maiden stood aghast,
Over her quick the monster swept.
Heavens ! list to her frantic screams !
" Father ! mother ! — O, help me ! —
save ! —
Albert, Albert ! " Little *he* deems
That his lady has met with a watery grave !
Albert stood on a point of rocks ;
His trusty rifle gleamed in his hand ;
(He wore the neatest of hunting-frocks ;)
He saw the snake making straight for
the land ;

And though in truth he was somewhat alarmed,

Yet he took good aim and blazed away.
But the serpent bears a life that's charmed;

And though Albert says to this very day
That he hit him, yet, ah! I fear the fact is
That Albert was sadly out of practice.

III.

A mother was in the bathing-house there;

Her little girl is safe by her side;
They hear the shrieks that rend the air,

And the canvas door they open wide.
Up came the snake over the sand;

The bathing-house there was just in his course.

What can the strength of the serpent withstand?

On he came, with resistless force,
Over the house, the mother and child.

On, right on, the Saurian sped;

What cared he for their outcries wild?
For the mother and infant crushed and dead?
On, right on, he scrambled along,
Up the bank, and over the rocks.
The boat held on, for the rope was strong ;
The man on the keel got some pretty
hard knocks,
As he tumbled off and rolled in the sand,
And thanked his stars he was safe on
land.
On flew the snake up to the door
Of the house where so many had talked
of him ;
But who ever thought or dreamed before
That he 'd really come, all cold and
grim,
As then he came crashing along,
O'er the piazza, and into the hall,
Into the midst of the jolly throng ?
Untasted they let their goblets fall ;

Uprose a shriek of horror then ;
The serpent roared, and hissed, and
growled,
While some beaux and belles, say eight or
ten,
Who all the morning had merrily bowled
In the alleys, that moment were coming
in
At the other door, half wild with pleas-
ure ;
Goodness, gracious ! how they spin
Out of his way ! — while beyond all
measure
The ladies up stairs comfortably sitting,
Reading Longfellow's last new book,
Or else a purse for a lover knitting,
Are frightened ; they run to the window,
and look
To see what 's the matter, and, screaming,
wonder
Whether it 's fire or whether it 's thunder.

On rushed the snake, and, thundering after,
Came the boat with an awful crash,
That shook the house from cellar to rafter,
While boat and serpent together dash
Off to the left, and over the green
That lies the hotel and the ocean between.

IV.

Just on the slope, with its rough stone walls,
Stands the billiard saloon on the brink of
the sea.
Some beaux from Boston were knocking
the balls
About on the boards right merrily ;
Little cared they for serpents or snakes ;
They were playing merely as gentlemen
do,
Not for the sake of winning the stakes,
But merely to see how sure and true
They could pocket a ball, when, with a
bound,
The serpent as swift as lightning came

Through the window, and crushed to the
ground

The men and tables, and stopped their
game ;

But *he* did n't stop, for out of the other

Swiftly he fled for the sea again,

And the boat, which stuck to him close
as a brother,

Came to the window, but there in twain
The rope that Rough with his knife would
have parted

Broke, two miles from the place whence he
started.

The serpent was gone. Out on the sea
They saw him swimming rapidly, —
Saw him shaking his frightful mane,
And daring them to touch him again.

A fisherman tells the tale, 't is said,
That he saw him at sunset, bloody and red,
Fighting alone with a massive whale,
Which he killed at last with a blow of his
tail.

Sad the scene and mournful the sight
The ladies saw at Nahant that night ;
Dead and drowned and wounded men
Were found wherever the snake had been.

Mournful, mournful ! Albert's heart
Was broken ; let the tear-drop start ;
Mourn with him the early doom
“ Of beauty blossoming for the tomb.”
O, how mournfully sound the waves,

When the truly loved are lost,
Murmuring in their hollow caves !

When the feelings,—tempest tossed,
As were Albert's, hopes to hear,
From every shell he holds at his ear,
Some message from Cora, or else to see
Her rise from the waves in her purity !

All of Lynn came over to see
What had become of Rough and the rest ;
They heard this story of mystery,
And all went home extremely distressed.
And the man who owned the boat was very
Sad at the loss of the snake and the wherry.

Now all of this happened the very day
The Boston yacht came into the bay ;
Yet those on board the yacht had not heard
of it,

And some of my friends doubt every word
of it.

We left the lieutenant about to tell
The fearful tale of what befell
Some Northmen ! —

A story more strange
Than the “ Castle Otranto ; ” *
And so we will let him
Begin the Canto

* By Horace Walpole.

CANTO III.

First Naturalist. (After dinner.) “What ! the S-S-She-Sher-pent a-an (hic) Ich(hic)thyosaurus ! Nonshe-ense !”

Second Naturalist. “Who said Ich (hic) Ichthy-o-saurus ? I said a (hic) Plesio(hic)saurus plain enuff.” — PUNCH.

I.

“ WELL, ladies,” said Hunt, “ some North-

traders bold,

Who over the seas in their galleys rolled,

Told of the serpent this tale to me,

When I was up in the Northern sea.

The captain here thinks it very absurd

That I should say a single word

About him ; but when the captain hears

That the serpent has the longest ears,—

So long, that twenty-five miles, it is said,

He can hear,— and up from his truckle-bed

He hurries as fast as he can swim,

To see who it is that talks of him —

(This in parentheses let me say :
If any think of fishing to-day,
I beg that especial care you will take,
That none of the party allude to the snake.”)
“ Pooh ! ” said the captain ; “ the longest
ears

Has he who believes, not he who hears.”
The lieutenant’s brow grew suddenly black
(You have seen a cloud come over the
skies) ;

But the captain was back on the other tack,
And, to calm the rage he had kindled,
cries,

“ Now, Hunt, forgive me, and, ladies, you
Must pardon the word untimely sped ;
Believe me, till now I never knew
Such monstrous ears the monster had.”

Captain Skip was rich ; just such men
You may meet on “ ’Change ” between two
and ten,

And those men often have a way
Of saying things they should n’t say.

Miss Wood looked up with her blandest smile,

And begged that Hunt would go on. "Mean-while,

Captain Skip, I join your party, and doubt If there is such a fish as he 's talking about."

The lieutenant went on ; but little he knew That the serpent was there, and listening too.

Under the yacht the serpent lay,

Thinking that Skip was a horrid old fel-low.

"I 've done some mischief, it 's true, to-day,

But I 'd like to know if he 's black or yellow."

"These Northmen, in their dark ribbed ship,

Were sailing up the Northern sea ; —

It 's not considered a pleasant trip,

If the Maelstrom chance to be under your lee.

It was summer time ; but plenty of ice
Islands, with pinnacles tall and shattered,
Like crystal castles of strange device,
With bannered towers and battlements
battered,—
Looking more like the castles built
In the air by your ‘easy sort of men’
(Beautifully carved and massively gilt),
Who are just getting ready to move in,
when
Down they come to the earth again,—
These o'er the dark blue sea were scattered,
Where devils* and foxes howled and chattered ;
I've watched them oft, as I stood in the
shrouds,
Till these crystal castles gleamed like
clouds.”
“ Faith,” said the captain, “ I’m glad to
know
Where all these magnificent castles go ;

* See Note 6.

I thought that from Wall Street they went
to the moon.

Well, give us a touch of the serpent soon.”
“ Pray do,” said Miss Wood ; “ for I long
to hear .

How he chanced to have that wonderful ear.
What a very convenient ear it would be !

I wish his Snakeship would lend it to me.
But perhaps he lives in a castle of air,
And he needs it when he ’s flying there.”
Could Miss Wood and the captain have
looked through the wave,

They ’d have seen what a grin the Saurian
gave.

But the captain thought — O, how often
so ’t is

In life ! — the serpent *beneath* his notice.

II.

“ These islands,” said Hunt, “ are dangerous
things

To meet on the wide and desolate wave,
When Æolus takes off the top of his cave,
Setting the raging north wind free,
For a week or so of liberty.

These Northmen were still like their sires
of old ;

Every sea has their tall ships held ;
Their ancestors fought for the bright red
gold ;

These took it in trade, and bought and sold.
Now they were merrily dashing home,
With a spanking breeze, through the glit-
tering foam.

Our two ships were alone on the sea,
But we sailed for a while in company.

We were off the coast of Norway then,
Some fifty miles from Bergen Bay,

And hoped full soon to reach it, when
The breeze one morning died away ;
So tranquil and calm that summer ocean,
You could half forget that the sea has
motion.

There we lay ; the sea seemed dead ;

This quiet calm reminds me sadly
Of what the bold North-trader said
(He did not tell that story gladly).

Their ship was near, — so near that we
Could in the silence faintly hear
Their songs of joyous revelry.

They sang the lagging hours to cheer.
O, who that ever sailed the sea,
And has been becalmed for a week or day,
Has not felt a throb of sympathy
For the stranger sail that near him lay ?

"T was noon. Our gallant frigate slept,
And, save the sound of the light guitar
Where the merry middies their revels kept,
While one sung songs, sung better far
By girls he 'd met at Newport parties
(A simple song may tell you — ah,
How truly ! — where that middy's heart is),
Naught broke the stillness of that hour,
For a calm at sea has a soothing power.

Some of us walked the quarter-deck,
Some in the cabin were writing, when,
Before a word or thought could check,
Rushing aft came the foremast men.

Every cheek was pale with fear.
Was it mutiny? did they mean to rise
And seize the ship? O, no. ‘ See here!
Look quick ! ’ I looked with wild surprise,
And saw, just over our larboard bow,
An awful creature, with horrid head,
So near, so very near our prow,
With eyes that glared so fierce, so red,
That I think, Miss Wood, if the captain
and you
Had been there, you ’d have been frightened too.⁶

“ Middies and crew rushed up from below,
Every one asking ‘ What ’s the matter ? ’
They saw the frightful monster. O,
How their teeth began to chatter!
Storming on deck the captain came ;

‘ What means this ? what’s the trouble now ?
To your stations ! ’ Here those eyes of flame,
Steadily staring over the bow,
Caught the captain’s. ‘ Heavens ! ’ he cried,
And stood for a moment stupefied, —
Only a moment ; ‘ Clear away
The forward guns, and give him a shot ! ’
Doggedly the men obey,
Though ’t was very clear they’d rather not.
‘ Out with a boat ! I would like to know
What is it can frighten my sailors so ! ’

“ I went in the boat ; there were men with me,
Who had roved the earth and sailed the sea, —
All fortunes, climes, and shores had seen, —
Through battle, fire, and shipwreck been, —

Every desperate chance had braved,—
Fought for their comrades when enslaved.
Old England thought her bloody flag,
 That floated ‘in its pride of place,’
Might swoop upon our fleets, and drag
 Our men to chains ; the deep disgrace
They sought to heap upon us then
 We nobly spurned, as freemen should.
O, long shall they remember when
 We on the seas our claims made good !
For frightful wreck and anguished groan
Have long on History’s page made known
 How Hull’s brave sailors stood.
We dimmed her gleaming cross in gore,
 And taught her, though an infant yet,
That sons of sires who fought of yore
 Had not forgot, *but may forget.*
Forgive me, but that fearful strife
Cost me a much-loved father’s life ;
That war was fairly fought ; and when
Peace with its blessings came again,
O, who but iron men like these,

Who fought, but mourned both friend
and foe,
Could see our banner o'er the seas
Borne freely as the winds that blow,
Or calm the warm emotion then
That burst from patriotic lips,
While listening nations wondered when
They heard the deeds of 'Yankee ships?'
Those wars are o'er, and never more
May earth or seas be cursed again
With armies battling on the shore,
Or navies on the main.
Our soil is rich with glittering gold ;
Fair Glory is an empty dream ;
O, then keep bright the links unrolled,
That stretch where Albion's white cliffs
gleam !
But if our hearts for glory glow,—
If still we wish to feed that flame,—
Study the fields of Mexico,
Where TAYLOR won a deathless name.

“ Honor to every patriot’s soul,
Honor to every hero there,
Who dared, where battle’s fires roll,
To die, — to show what freemen dare !

High honor to the storied brave !

High honor to the Chief who led !
But spurn ye, scorn the soulless slave,
Who dares defame the valiant dead !
But not alone for those should we
Pour forth the tide of sympathy.

Let Beauty’s blooming cheek grow dim
For all who dared the desperate fight ;
But blush, blush deeper still, *for him*
Who dares not deem HIS COUNTRY right.

Yes, though I deeply war despise,
And hate it as a deadly sin,
The love of country still denies
The thought that foes the field should win.
Too much of this ! — that war is past ;
O, may it truly be ‘ our last ’ !

III.

" My men were bold, for they were old ;
But one turned round and said to Ben,
This is a savage beast, I 'm told ;
I wish I was on board again.
I fought with Perry on the lakes ;
But hang me if I fight with snakes ! '
We reconnoitred him, and he
Very leisurely eyed us keenly ;
He did n't seem disposed to flee,
But took our visit quite serenely.
Just then a boat the Northmen sent,
And, quickly to our frigate rowing,
Begged leave to tell to Captain Bent
Something that they thought worth his
knowing.
In fact, our captain wanted much
To ask the Northmen all about him ;
He never had believed in such
A fish, and even felt disposed to doubt him
Now, although before his eyes,
In glittering coils, the serpent lies.

“ A signal came for our recall,
And we obeyed the order gladly ;
The Northmen told us they were all
Surprised to see us act so madly.
‘ Are you aware,’ their captain said,
‘ This snake has power to sink or eat
you ?
Our sailors hold him in such dread,
That I have come here to entreat you
That you will let him go his way,
Nor stir his anger up to-day ;’
For once,’ said he, ‘ a ship of mine
Was sailing with another ship,
Not far from here, when eight or nine
Sea-serpents came, and stopped her trip ;
For one of them — a savage beast —
Leaped o’er between her masts, and sunk
her ;
He was six hundred feet, at least,
In length, — so swore her mate, Joe
Bunker.
The ship was lost, and only Joe
Escaped these Ormens^s of the Soe.’

(The serpent thought, beneath the yacht,
‘ Well, that is droll, now, is it not ?
Besides, I think it’s rather queer
That I should hear of it down here.’)

The mate declared, ‘ Had they cast some
castor

Out of the vessel into the sea,
They would not have met this dire dis-
aster ;

For at that these serpents always flee.’⁹
At this the Northmen rose, and went on
Deck ; and though Captain Bent was bent
on

Giving the creature a shot, I own
I am glad he concluded to let him alone.

The Northmen left us, and rowed away ;

And at every stroke their oarsmen gave,
As they pulled in fear through the glitter-
ing spray,

Aqua vitae and castor they threw in the
wave.

The moment the serpent scented the drug,
The men said he streaked off like a lightning-bug ;
And, a breeze springing up, at six bells
next day
We anchored not far from Bergen Bay."

The lieutenant's story was over, and those
Who heard it prepared for their night's
repose ;
For, truth to tell, it was somewhat late,
And they hoped to land in the morning at
eight.

Most of the party went below ;
Nearly all believed Hunt's story,
Except the captain and Miss Wood, — so
The others left them alone in their glory.
They quietly sat and talked together,
The captain doubting very much whether
A sea-serpent ever swam in the sea ; —
But list to the snake's soliloquy.
“ What a horrid monster that Skip must
be !

He 'll be caught by some of our family ;
One by one these doubting men
Drop yearly into our gloomy den.
Soe, that younger brother of mine,
Has done pretty well in the doubting line ;
He catches one now every evening at nine,
And at dinner he always declares him fine ;
He tells me he always feels stronger and
stouter,

After eating the most inveterate doubter.
To-day, to be sure, I killed quite a lot ; —
I wonder if they were doubters or not !
I really feel quite hungry ; it 's plain
It is nearly time to feed again."

Just at this moment some wicked elf
Prompted the captain to say to Miss
Wood,

" I would not believe, if I saw him my-
self ! "

" Neither would I. It 's rather too good
That st —— " Up, with a bound, the ser-
pent came,

Rushing out of the silent sea,

His eyes like flashing meteor's flame !

“ Turn not those lovely eyes on me ! ”

That was all Miss Wood could scream,

As he knocked her overboard into the ocean,

And seized the captain ere he could dream
What had caused this awful commotion.

Into the waves the sailors leap ;

Into the sea the serpent is leaping ;

Some that watch, and some that sleep,

Never more shall wake from sleeping, —

Never, till the last trump, sweeping

Over earth and over sea,

Wakes them to immortality.

IV.

Hunt was convinced, by the screaming that followed,

That those who jumped over were instantly swallowed.

The water flew over the yacht's white deck ;

Her foresail and boom were a perfect
wreck ;

Nothing was left for poor Hunt to do
But to hunt up the party, and muster the
crew.

Skip, and Miss Wood, and five others, not
found,

Were lost, and, of course, either eaten or
drowned ;

One a pert chambermaid, — the ladies re-
gret her,

Though they know that in Boston they 'll
soon get a better,

When, to their wonder, this pearl beyond
price

Crawled out of an ice-bin, eating an ice.

Forbes grieved most for the gay Miss
Wood.

He loved her well ; her matchless orbs
He worshipped ; it was understood
She would some day be a match for
Forbes.

None on board slept more that night,
And, at the earliest dawn of light,
They were very glad to finish their jaunt
By getting ashore in their boats at Nahant.
They found Nahant in great confusion ;

Some were packing up to go away,
Others had come to the conclusion

That it was quite as safe to stay ;
Some were for getting up an expe-

Dition to go and catch the snake ;
Others were in a great perplexi-

Ty, and hardly knew just what to make
Of it. But Forbes, and Hunt, and Albert
said,

They 'd catch the serpent, alive or dead.
Hunt took the yacht direct to town,

Had her repaired, and, with four six-
pounders,

He hoisted sail again, to go down
To Nahant — but not to fish for floun-
ders.

Albert Prince and Forbes were ready,

With a gallant crew from Nahant and
Lynn,

All stout and true. The wind blew steady.

But I really can't stop to go in-
To particulars,— nor to tell you how they
started,

How Miss Percy was left nearly broken-
hearted,

And how Miss Bell *sighed* when Dick
Forbes departed.

CANTO IV.

“ In the blue depth of the waters,
Where the wave hath no strife,
Where the wind is a stranger,
And the Sea Snake hath life.”

“ They tell me that these serpents fling themselves in a wide circle round a boat, so that the men are surrounded on all sides ; and that they will sometimes raise up their frightful heads and snap a man out of a boat.”

PONTOPPIDAN, p. 196, sec. 4.

“ They told me of a Sea-Serpent, or Snake, that lay quoiled up like a cable upon a rock at Cape Ann.”

*From An Account of Two Voyages to New England, Anno Dom.
1638, by JOHN JOSSELYN, Gent.*

I.

THERE is a rock in the middle of ocean
Wild, all desolate, rough, and bare ;
Round it the waves, in continual motion,
Burst on the shaggy sea-weed there.
Sometimes the men of our merchant ships,
Sailing o'er the wondrous main,
See it, and tell, with frightened lips,
That on chart and atlas they 've looked
in vain

To find it ; but many a gallant bark,
Dashing over the ocean's foam,
Has found it, when the skies were dark,
And never more was welcomed home.
Lonely it stands in the gloomy wave,
The tombstone of many a sailor's grave.

'T is the serpent's throne ; and there he
sat,
Looking so savage, so fierce, so grim,
That none of his courtiers dared to
chat ;
Some were even afraid to look at him.

Two hundred feet of his monstrous length
Were coiled round the rock ; two hundred
more

Stood waving and bright, like a tower
of strength,
While he sang this song, with a hiss and a
roar.

SONG.

I am the Ichthyosaurian old ;
I lived in the world before the flood ;

*

I 've caught many a fisherman bold ;
Our tribe, though few, are of ancient blood.
Chick a chi long, chi long chi la la.

I am king of the heaving sea.

None dare dispute it ; far and near
The fishes all look up to me ;
I shall reign forever here.

Chick a chi long, chi long chi la la.

The devil-fish,¹⁰ his prime minister, then
Approached, and humbly begged he 'd
step down
Into their little private den ;
He did so, but still, with a fearful frown,
He told the wolf-fish, his cook, a beginner,
Not to spoil the soup he was cooking for
dinner.

Let us look in at the serpent's den : —
Grinning skulls of doubting men
Were ranged on one side, and on the other,
Was sitting in state his imperial brother ;

He had just ground a new-caught doubter
to powder,

And had made from his skull a ladle for
chowder.

Friendly their greeting,— a snap and a
howl,

A social hiss and a kindly growl ;

Both of them laughed, and the devil-fish he
“ Grinned a ghastly smile,” from sympathy.

This den was just beneath the rock,

Where the huge waves break with a cease-
less shock.

One by one the family came,

With bloody fangs and eyes of flame ;

However, they seemed quite ready to eat,

Each took at the table his usual seat.

They were served by horrid forms,

Born in darkness and cradled in storms ;

Monsters, that 'neath the dark blue waves

Live and die, in ocean's caves.

A dog-fish was lying under the table,

To eat the crumbs that tumbled there ;

The minister wanted to eat him ; he 's able
To do so, but just at that time didn't
care

On etiquette so far to trample,
Unless his Highness should set the example.
The sharks outside smelt the steam of the
victuals,

They came in the kitchen and looked into
the kettles ;

But the serpent howled, and every one
Swam off, without getting so much as a
bone.

After dinner a school of whales
Came in and sung, and beat time with their
tails.

Several young kraken, of noble mien,
A mile and a quarter long at least,
Declared that *there* they 'd no more be seen,
If the whales were to sing at the close
of the feast.

Just at this moment a shout was heard ;
Soe was out of the den like a bird,

And in less than a minute was back to
say

That “some men in a boat are coming this
way.”

Now it chanced three days before,

That a gallant ship was burnt at morn-
ing ;

They were a thousand miles from shore,

And the flames had given so brief a
warning,

That only one boat was saved, and she

With women and men (say twenty-three)

Was crowded, — a wretched company.

In fact, they were getting short of provision

When they spied this rock ; and fields

Elysian

Ne'er looked so fair to a poet's view,

As that rock to them, in the ocean blue.

They steered for the rock, and were coming
near,

When, looking down through the waters
clear,

They saw something swimming under the sea,

And they wondered much what that fish could be ;

Just then they saw, what filled them with fear,

Six serpents dash round them in full career ;
They felt at the sight “ considerably struck up ; ”

But shipwrecked people must still keep their pluck up.

The ladies at once began to cry ;

Some of the men felt disposed to mourn ;
And, had you been there, I doubt if I
Or you could have viewed these monsters borne

By the waves about them, or ever believed
That men by such sights *could be* deceived.

Five or six sharks came up to see

If of any service they could be ;

The devil, dog-fish, whales, krakens and all,
Forsook for a while the banquet-hall.

In spiral curve, and glittering ring,
The snakes their coils round that doomed
 boat fling,
And almost before you could think or look,
One of the crew from the boat they took ;
That was *our* serpent,— but Soe, his brother,
In a moment more had taken another.
The sharks, at this, went half mad with
 glee,
And splashed about in the heaving sea ;
While the whales and the krakens rejoiced
 beyond measure,
At whatever afforded their monarch such
 pleasure,
And the devil-fish laughed, and looked on
 at his leisure.
Soe turned to his brother, and wanted to bet
That in less than ten minutes he 'd all of
 them get ;
And, then, to prove he was good as a better,
He came up 'neath the boat, and just over-
 set her.

All in a moment were eaten then.—
So they went down to their banquet again,
And sat down and ate and drank like men.

II.

They had not sat long, when their monarch
arose,

And said, "I feel the great need of
healthful diversion,
And have therefore decided, if no one
oppose,
To go off for some weeks on a sea-side
excursion.

The fact is, I think that the duties of state
Have somewhat enfeebled my vigor of
late.

I have therefore concluded to shut up my
house,
To throw off the purple, and put on a
blouse,

And for some weeks at least in the sea-surf
to souse.

If any remain here, why, keep up my court;

My squids here will make you some excellent sport.¹²

I shall start this evening, but hardly know

To which of the beaches I 'd better go ;

Let me see," — and here he took from a heap

Of letters some circulars, nicely printed,

Sent by those clever men who keep

Hotels, in which it was more than hinted

That nothing would give them half so much pleasure

As a visit from him for a month or week,

And hoped he 'd come, if he had leisure,

Health, strength, and fun at the beach to seek.

He read them through with a careless air,

And said, "They always bore me with these ;

Yet I 've half a mind to go, I declare,

And teach them that I am King of the
Seas,

And should go if I chose though I was n't
invited ;

Yet I own it's pleasanter not to be slighted.

And now let me see, — here's a bushel
or more

Notes from Newport, Nahant, and a few
from Nantasket,

Cape May,¹² and the Pool, and all along
shore ; —

Will no one remove this notable basket ?

I shall go ; but as yet I cannot tell
where.

If a sparkling bay woos me, perchance I
shall linger ;

But give me good fishing, good food, and
good air,

And little I'll care where fashion's gay
finger

May point ; for wherever I go or may
be,

I am still the King, the King of the Sea !

Among other notes there is one, I
observe,

For Commencement at Cambridge ; a
double L. D.

They intend to give me, which they
think I deserve

For my knowledge of Ichthyology.

I start this evening ; but ere I go
On this tour, which perhaps may be my last,

I wish all my subjects here below

To hurry and come to my rescue fast,

If they chance to hear me give the
growl

I always give when I get into danger ;

And then you must come with a rush and
a howl,

And bring with you every ocean ranger."

With this parting injunction his Majesty
started,

While his courtiers looked grave when their
monarch departed.

III.

Out on the sea, out on the sea,
The Hope is dashing merrily now,
With the harbor of Newport under her lee,
And the white spray flying over her
prow !
On ! on ! how she parts the seething wave !
On ! on ! how she shoots through the
heaving tide !
On ! on ! O, what is a sight more brave
Than a white-winged bird on the waters
wide ?
Away she has fled, and the glittering
foam
Seems to give her proudly a welcome
home ;
Hunt and Forbes with Prince were seen
(As near the fort she rounded to,
And anchored), with dejected mien,
To row to land o'er the waves of blue.

And had you been in the great saloon
Of the Ocean House, where of course
you 've been,

Where they dance at morning, night,
and noon,

You would not have found them dancing
then ;

O, no, — for they crowded round to
hear

This very tale that I 've been telling.

O, many a bright eye held a tear,
While many a breast with sorrow swelling,
Mourned for the beauteous, fair, and
good,—

The loved, the lost, the gay Miss Wood !

However deep our sorrow flows,
Perhaps our joy flows deeper ;
Say, who grieves most for secret woes,
The silent or the weeper ?

They told, besides, that they had been
On a cruise to find the cruel snake,

And had come to Newport for aid and
men,

And hoped that all would a crusade make
To catch him. "And so we will!"
cried all;

"But wait till after the fancy ball."

IV.

There is a class,—'t is rapidly increasing
Within this empire that we proudly
hold,—

Who, toiling on, with labor never ceasing,
Have won at last in heaps the glittering
gold;—

These go to Newport. There you find
assembled

Bright eyes; wealth, beauty, genius,
fashion;

Fair belles, before whose wit some men
have trembled,

And sought in vain to soothe love's
gentle passion,

Until at last, by sympathy grown tender,
They at the altar mutually surrender.

Newport was now in great commotion ;

Each tide of passion, love, and feeling,
Each hope that ruffles life's dull ocean,

Was there revealed. O, what reveal-
ings

Those fifteen chandeliers could make,

That deck that gorgeous banquet hall,
Could you their depositions take

Of what they heard at last year's ball !
Soft sighs, and softer speeches breathed

In willing ears beneath that dome,
While gorgeous dress, with diamonds
wreathed,

Outshone the carnival at Rome.

And beauty thronged from far and near

To catch some little gleam of fame, —
To have it whispered in her ear,

“ My dear Miss A., I see your name
Is mentioned in to-day's Gazette ;
And what is more, most charming beauty,

'T is said that you eclipsed your set,
And won from all especial duty."

Brave days! — and bravely looked each
guest.

O, long keep bright this pageant show,
Where NORTH and SOUTH, and EAST and
WEST,

From Montreal to Mexico,
May meet, — but not as sometimes met
At Washington, they *talk* and FIGHT
O'er party schemes, and groan and fret
To make right wrong, and wrong seem
right.

If folly sometimes thither strays,
'T is lost in fashion's brilliant blaze;
And I have often doubted whether
This Union, framed with sword and pen,
Would have of late years held together,
Had no such place as Newport been.
Well, all was here in great confusion;
And beaux and belles and fond mammas

Had made some matches whose conclusion
Was sure, provided dear papa's
Consent, and cash, and blessing granted,
Should give the bliss for which they panted.
The ball would soon take place, and that
Of course filled all the morning chat ;
The sail, the dance, the dashing ride,
Were half forgotten, while with pride
Each belle within her own dear room
Dons veil and jacket, cap and plume,
And doubts, and doubts, and doubts again,
About that costume and this train,
And wonders if she cannot get
Something that 's more *distingué* yet.
She who would never " be a nun "
Decides that evening to be one,
And win that beau, if she *can win* him,
Who has such life and small talk in him.
Bohemian girls, and gypsies too,
Were every entry dashing through
To ask a lady or manima
About this jewel or that star.

Down stairs, just then, those veteran smokers

Forgot to smoke ;

While George and Ben, those jolly jokers,

Forgot to joke,

And Congressmen, poor party croakers,

Forgot to croak.

The dear, delightful fancy ball

Engaged both young and old and all.

In other times Dick Forbes had been

Within his element ; but now

He sat apart, nor cared for men.

With downcast eyes and gloomy brow

He seized his harp, and woke a strain ;

But not of joy or gladsome mirth

He sang, for O, he felt how vain,

How fleeting, are the joys of earth !

SONG.

I.

If all the world were happy,

If every one was blest,

If all were free from misery,
From trouble and unrest,
If the mind were free from sorrow,
The body free from pain,
Death a double pang would borrow ;
But now, "to die is gain."

II.

If the sunny skies of childhood
Were to float forever near,
If the leavess that deck the wildwood
Were never to be sere,
If joys in troops descended
To gild life's barren plain,
Who would wish this fair world ended,
Or would feel "to die is gain" ?

Albert Prince caught the sad refrain,
And he turned to Forbes and gently said,
"I truly feel 'to die were gain,'
Could I follow where my Cora fled ;
But at present I hope to live, and take
Before I die that fearful snake."
Newport never before nor since

Held two such sad and gloomy men
As Richard Forbes and Albert Prince,
Nor soon shall see their like again.
So let us leave them, and follow the wake,
For a moment, of this most horrible snake.

v.

Out on the sea, out on the sea,
The snake is swimming happy and free ;
He 's left Cape Ann with every sense bent
On reaching Cambridge by Commencement.
He shoots along, while every wave
Its phosphorescent brightness gave ;
And now old Boston's outer light
Gleamed on his eye serenely bright.
He passed the forts, and left the bay ;
Up by Long Wharf he held his way,
Gained the mouth of our own Charles River,
Saw the lights of East Cambridge quiver ;
The pedestrians on the bridge all shiver,
And wonder what 't is that splashes the
water,

While the serpent swims on, with his mind
bent on slaughter.

Next he came where, o'er the tide,
West Boston Bridge throws its arches wide,
And there he paused a moment to wonder
Whether he 'd better go over or under.

Two Sophs just then were driving out,
With echoing song and ringing shout,
Each passer-by in choice Greek hailing,
When at the moment o'er the railing
The serpent stuck his awful mug ; he
Startled the horses, they turned the buggy
Over, and left each frightened student
Wondering what could be imprudent
Enough to stop *them* on that highway,
And mourning much that they 'd have to
pay

For a runaway team and a broken railing ;
For they found next day that no prevailing
Of theirs on the watchmen could make them
aware

That they had met with the sea-serpent
there.

Quietly up the river he swum ;
Cambridge little guessed what a guest had
come.

He heard the boat-club's rollicking chorus,
And listened with joy to the jolly stave,
As they sang, "Put off, while full be-
fore us

Hope's beacon shines to cheer the brave ! "

Out of the silent river he crept,
And hied him away to the college yard ;
A proctor's eye, that never slept,
Caught his, and said, " May I be tarred
And feathered if some of the Freshmen class
Are not building a bonfire there to-night ! "
See how that lamp illumes the grass !

I must reconnoitre and set things right . "

The proctor has donned his darkest cloak,
And sallied out in the midnight damp ;
No sound save his tread the silence broke,

But brighter and brighter flamed the lamp,
Till, horror of horrors ! there burst on his view .

Something or other, he hardly knew what ;
And instead of *one* lamp, there now seemed two.

Still, as if charmed, he moved towards the spot ;
He now gets a glimpse of the hideous mass :
“ A string of tar-barrels strung in the grass,
And these two lamps to set them blazing ;
By George ! Now this is quite amazing.”

He raised his cane with his right hand high,
And struck a blow at the monster’s eye.
The serpent at this gave a fearful bound,
Dashing the proctor far away,
Who exclaimed, the moment he came to the ground,
“ I shall report you, sir, to-day !

Yes, sir, I'll report you to the President ;
And whether you're student now, or resi-
dent

Graduate, nothing, I fear, from your fate
can excuse you,

And naught can redeem from the hate that
pursues you."

Nor was the proctor aware in the mood
Potential he would himself be pursued.

The Saurian rose with an angry hiss.

O, woe betide that proctor then !

He ne'er before met foe like this,
And ne'er shall meet such foe again.

The serpent has got him fast by the leg ;
Mercy ! list to his fearful screams !

It's vain for mercy from him to beg.
Some students, nodding over their themes,
Start, yawn, and stretch, and relapse into
dreams.

The snake, however, turned to flee, —
Leaving the proctor, as he thought,
dead, —

And then climbed up in Liberty Tree,
And a tract on Ichthyology read.

VI.

The students, next morning, going to
prayers,

Found the snake coiled up on the chapel
stairs ;

And not far off from Gore Hall, 't is said,
The proctor lay quite bloody and dead,
As they thought ; but, when they called a
doctor,

They found life lingered within the pro-
tor.

To be sure, his leg was nearly bitten
Off, and the hand that holds the pen
Would ne'er look well save a glove or
mitten

Were wrapped around it ; still, what then
Could be done was done. Ware and Mor-
ton

Came from Boston the leg to shorten ;

Morton gave first a dose of ether,
And he 's the first who ever gave it ;
Nor sinful man, nor woman either,
Had had it as they freely have it
Now, had not our gallant Morton,
'Mid jeers and sneers, in silence wrought on,
Until he fairly taught the nation
“ There 's pleasure in an amputation.”
Besides, in Washington they say,
Morton has fairly won the day ;
In spite of this, there is a faction
Who blindly worship Dr. Jackson.
Well, all the professors, students, and men
In Cambridge, fought with the serpent
then ;
However, his Snakeship at last got off,
Scrambled down street and into the tide,
Knocked down a shed on the college wharf,
Killing two men at their work inside.
The serpent swims hastily down the Charles,
And at every bridge he growls and snarls.

CANTO V.

“*Apem.* What a coil’s here ! ”

Timon of Athens, Act I. Scene 2.

“*Tit.* If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatening the welkin with his big-swollen face ?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ? ”

Titus Andronicus, Act III. Scene 1.

“ Stands a maiden, on the morrow,
Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope and half in sorrow,
Tracing words upon the sand.
‘ Shall I ever then behold him
Who hath been my life so long — ’ ”

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

“ And listen to the harp and horn,
And see the waltzers near and far ;
The lamps and flowers are bright as yet.”

N. P. WILLIS.

“*Trin.* A strange fish ! Were I in
England now (as once I was), and
Had but this fish painted,
* * * There would this monster make a man.”

Tempest, Act II.

“ ‘ It’s nothing but a porpoise, sir, that’s been a swimming past,’
Out spoke the ancient fisherman ; ‘ now bring me my harpoon !
I’ll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon.’ ”

O. W. HOLMES.

“These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on ship-board.”

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I.

Out on the sea, out on the sea,
The serpent is loafing lazily,
Wondering if poor pigmy men
Will dare to fight with him again,

And thinking what he had better do
With his precious self for the rest of the
week,—

Wondering much if anything new
Has turned up at Newport, where thousands
seek

Fashion and fun, or health and quiet,
With good sea air, and good fish diet.

“At all events I ’ll go down and see
If the beaux and belles have forgotten me.”
He arrives at Newport ; — with vast sur-
prise

He sees the *Hope* moored quietly there.
At first, he almost doubts his eyes ;
He gave her a most amazing stare,
And thought it strange that yacht should
be

There, that he meant to have sunk in the sea.

Now this was the night of the fancy ball,—

That dear, delightful, brilliant time,—

And every one there, both great and small,

Had decided to make the affair sublime—

And so they did. Hark ! the strains
Of the Steyermarkische band arise,

From that gay *saloon*, while Turks and
Danes,

With Jews, and Monks, and gay Paul Prys,
Counts, Druids, Sibyls, Lords, and
Sprites,

Medoras, Corsairs, Conrads; Brides,
Auroras with their captive knights,

Draw near. Mirth, love, and joy presides,
As gathering in their pride they pour
Through lighted hall and corridor.

O, bright are the hues of the high Alpine
snows,

When they flash back the sun from far
up the mountain !

Refreshing and cool is the blush of the rose
That bends in its purity over the foun-
tain ;

Warm are the blushes that mantle the cheek
Of the maid, as she curbs her palfrey's
proud prancing ;

Pure are the pearls that the sea-divers
seek

Where the waves of the far Eastern
ocean are glancing ;

Fair are the blossoms that brighten the
trees,

Blue are the waters that sparkle beneath
them ;

Sweet are the songs of the birds on the
breeze ;

Bright gleam their sabres when heroes
unsheathe them ; —

So blushing, bright, fair, pure, gentle, and
mild,

Came earth's fairest flowers in throngs ;
and the bloom
Of each cheek seemed to glow with new
joy as it smiled,
Forgetful of sadness, care, sorrow, and
gloom.
As they moved through the dance, in their
warm beauty blushing,
Their eyes sparkled bright as a moon-
lit-tipped wave,
While the laugh and the song, so rich in
its gushing,
Was richer than gem in old earth's
deepest cave.
Forbes sighed as he gazed, and, in lost
admiration,
He deemed it might be some deep magi-
cal spell
That had stole o'er his spirits in gentle
gradation,—
How he feared it would vanish words
never can tell.

If they spoke, their dear words (will beaux
ever forget them?)

Fell harmonious and sweet from each
musical tongue,

While their lips, and the pearls that so
radiantly lit them,

Breathed soft as the harp by angel
hands strung.

O, tell us where else are nymphs so en-
chanting!

What scenes from the past can fond
memory call,

That like these the day-dreams of belles
are still haunting,

When in fancy they float through the
gay Newport ball?

One lady from the “Empire State,”

With yellow jacket, cap and boots,

With mirthful eye, and air elate,

The palm with many a belle disputes

Another from those “classic shades,”

Where knowledge bursts spontaneous
forth,
Outshines in beauty all the maids
That gather from the wealthy North.

Here Love with Night and morning came,
With Shepherds, Gypsies, Nuns, and
Princes,
To light in every breast a flame,
That, burning brightly, soon convinces
Soldiers, Sailors, *Cavalieros*,
That Love can vanquish even heroes.

They were dancing merrily there,
When the serpent came and looked in at
the casement ;
He had never before seen aught so fair.
He was struck at once with a wild
amazement,
And declared he never could understand
How they got up such splendid affairs on
land,

And vowed that a very costly beaver
He 'd send to-morrow to Mr. Weaver.
At that window, beneath the shade of the
curtain,

Two lovers, a Knight and a Gypsy, sat ;
That lovers like such nooks is certain, —
If you please, see "The Fable for Crit-
ics" * for that ;

And it 's equally true that a cosey chat
Is vastly more agreeable and pleasant
When there 's no disagreeable third party
present.

They supposed, of course, they were quite
alone, —

As much alone as a couple can be,
Where some eight or nine hundred people
are thrown

Together for mirth and revelry.
They heard the bugle's call — the tone
That bids hurrying waltzers gather fast ;
But still they chose to sit alone,

Nor cared for the dancers flitting past.
They were talking of happy hours gone by,
And of happy days in years to come,
When they saw through the glass a flaming
eye,

That struck them at once with terror
dumb.

He came through the window ; the Gypsy
and Knight

Screamed, as they ran in terror away.
Some of the ladies fainted with fright,
While others thought it “ part of the
play ; ”
For they knew that De Jonge was so cun-
ning and clever

He could get up a snake, or the deuce, or
whatever

Strange costume you liked or wanted to
wear ;

But they never once dreamed the *Sea-*
Serpent was there.

However, when something like five hundred feet
Had uncoiled through the window, they
 felt slightly queer,
And decided the costume was far more
 complete
Than anything else they had met with
 this year.
The serpent immediately saw, with surprise,
That they thought it was only a clever
 disguise ;
So he stepped up and asked a young Venus to dance ;
But she swooned, and was borne from the
 hall in a trance.
At this there arose a most awful commotion ;
Some jumped out of windows, some vanished through doors ;
The snake now wished himself back in the
 ocean,

And sincerely the loss of his partner
deplores.

One man, who had come in his no-top
wagon,

In the dress of the Knight who fought
with the Dragon,

Drove off with speed from the coming fray,
And was never more seen,—so the gos-
sips say;—

Something caught him along the road,
And the horse went off with a lighter load.
Meanwhile, a fearful fight went on;—

Officers rushed for their pistols; others,
Including many a Duke and Don,
Rushed to their sweethearts or their
mothers.

Shot, and shouts of wild dismay,
Usurped the place of mirth and laugh-
ter;

The serpent flees as best he may,
While all of Newport follows after.
This was a regular break-neck chase.

“ The devil take the hindmost ” now
Was still the cry ; but, in this race,

The serpent, who had caused the row,
Decided he would quite reverse

The maxim — so he swiftly wheeled,
And caught the *first* ; and what was worse,
The fog and night so far concealed
The snake, that those who were rushing on

To catch him very soon were caught,
And quickly eaten, one by one.

The crowd behind them only thought
That they had vanished in the gloom,
Nor knew they of their living tomb.

On came the crowd with cheer and shout ;
But they saw the serpent stand at bay,
And quickly they faced to the right about,
And ran as fast the other way.

The serpent did not care to pursue them ;
He only meant with his looks to subdue
them ;

So he quietly turned to that wave-washed
beach,

And in less than a minute was out of their
reach.

II.

After the ball there are very few stay,

When it 's really fairly over,

Although I would rather advise them to,

For then you truly " live in clover."

The servants, having less to do,

Devote themselves with zeal to you ;

And, besides the usual loaves and fishes,

You get the best of the nicest dishes.

Therefore, if wise, you had better stay ;

It 's only the snobs that go away

Next morning, or the next day after,

Unless, perhaps, a bill, or draft, or

Note, that 's been for some months due,

You 're obliged to pay next day at two —

Then go ; protested notes are matters

That very rarely bother beaux.

They pay their tailors and their hatters,—

But how they do it no one knows.

“Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;

Last eve, in Beauty’s circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of
strife ;

The morn, the marshalling in arms ; the
day ”

Saw twenty yachts go dashing down the
bay,

While far behind fair Newport’s towers
lay.

Out on the sea, out on the sea,

The fleet is dashing merrily.

All had decided at once to go

With Hunt in pursuit of the common foe ;

He has command ; Forbes and Prince—

Haggard and sad with grim despair—

Are with him. They have been brothers
since

They lost their loves in that sad affair

At Nahant, and now they are going
there.

They arrived ; and as the fleet drew near,
Miss Percy descried Hunt's signal-flag,
And hurried off at once to the pier ;
While many a group, on cliff and crag,
With fluttering dress and gypsy bonnets,
And parasols that shaded brows
Worthy of even Petrarch's sonnets,
The dread of bucks and hostile cows,
Stood with their streaming shawls and
veils,
And courted, with their beaux, the gales.
Just then, with "sail and signal spread,"
A gallant ship, with crowded deck,
Before the freshening breezes fled,
Unmindful of the storm or wreck.
They were bound for the glittering land of
gold,
Where our western summits kiss the
sky ;

And they loudly sang, as they onward
rolled,

This song to a popular melody :

CALIFORNIA SONG.

I.

We sail — our gallant vessel
 Careers before the blast,
Yet “swifter than the thoughts of love”
 Come visions of the past.
Fast, fast thy shores, New England,
 Are fading through our tears,
Yet warm the lovely landscape
 That busy memory rears.

CHORUS.

Pledge, brothers, pledge,
 While, circled hand in hand,
We swear that our good bark shall bear
 True patriots to that strand.

II.

No, not to found an empire
 We seek our western strand ;

When we spy its piercing mountains,
We but hail our native land ;
For there our banner waveth,
And we only seek to bind
Another link of Union
With the *thirty* here entwined.

III.

Can *we* give up the glory
Our valiant fathers gave,
When they sought on Plymouth's holy rock
A refuge from the wave ?
Long kept they faith with England,
And many sorrows bore ;
For O, they loved their "father land,"
That distant, happy shore !

IV.

No, dreamers of ambition,
Who "go with hearts elate
To build another empire,
To found another state,"
Ye little know the workings
Of the stern New England mind,

If ye hope to see the people
To your busy schemes resigned.

V.

"To found another empire," —
Ah! but it still shall be
An offshoot of the parent stem,
A scion of the tree ;
To set another brilliant
In the azure of our flag,
That long shall float in splendor
From shore and lofty crag.

VI.

Avaunt! ye idle dreamers,
Who think that men must be
Divided by a river,
Or embittered by a sea !
We will teach the world a lesson
That *we freemen* ne'er forget;
Howe'er asunder driven,
We're a band of brothers yet.

CHORUS.

Pledge, brothers, pledge,
While, circled hand in hand,
We swear that our good bark shall bear
True patriots to that strand.

On sped the ship, — the song was o'er,
As Hunt and his party reached the shore.
Mine host was delighted, of course, to see
Such hosts of brilliant company.
Yet dance nor revel, mirth nor song,
Nor aught that cheers life's gloomy way,
Nor love that binds with fetters strong,
Could "bribe them for delay."
Sue Forbes may vainly tune her lute,
Miss Percy bid them stay ;
For Hunt declares, — and none dispute
The will that all obey, —
That when the dawn shall gild the east
The signal will be given,
And every yacht must sail at least
By six or half-past seven.

For they have heard that in the bay
 Of Gloucester the serpent is,
And they must sail at once away ;
 Their hope of him so fervent is,
That, though Sue Forbes would gladly keep
 Prince with the beaux that throng her,
His heart is on the raging deep,
 Nor dares he linger longer.
So swiftly from her glancing eyes
 Love's hurtling arrows shoot,
You love, although your tongue denies
 To plead the tender suit.
So Prince admired ; still surprise
 And sorrow kept him mute.

III.

Sue Forbes, although it's out of date
 To keep an album, kept one,
From which she learned that cruel fate
 Might rend all hearts except one
Heart, and that of course was hers ;
 That never should be broken,

Until *hot* Hottentots wear furs,
Or truth by beaux be spoken.

This album then, with playful air,
She gave at once to Prince ;
He took it with an absent stare,
That truly would convince
The merest looker-on that he
Was wrapt in gloomy revery.
He was her brother's truest friend,
She was her brother's only sister ;
She begged that he would condescend
(And how could Prince resist her ?)
To write her something ere he sailed ;
Nor need I say that Sue prevailed.
That night, as in his lonely room
He sat preparing for the morrow,
His brow forgot its usual gloom,
His mind forgot its usual sorrow ; —
He looks upon the waning moon,
He gazes on the heaving deep ;

Then takes with trembling hand his pen,
And writes these lines while others sleep.

TO YOU.

I.

Forgetful and forgetting
As the hearts of men may be,
No heart, without regretting,
Could forever part from thee.
Deem not, that, in redeeming
A promise made by me,
I shine of my own beaming,
For the light is caught from thee.

II.

The hidden art of hiding
Within the glittering glass
Fair tints, that, still abiding,
Detain us as we pass,
Is lost; but ah! the losing
Is of little loss to you, —
Each mirror of your choosing
Reflects a warmer hue.

III.

Reflected and reflective,
Through life in beauty go,
And may each gay perspective
Some more brilliant vista show.

Next morning, at the break of day,
The signal-gun was duly fired,
And every yacht got under way.

The wind blew fresh, and all desired
To be at Gloucester by noon,—

And so they were. Just off the port,
And with their glasses, very soon,

They saw the windmill, and the fort,
Here, as the breeze more gently blew,
At Hunt's command, some yachts laid to,
While some stood off and on, to see
And hunt his Snakeship's Majesty.

At Gloucester the sons of Mars

Received that day a Boston phalanx ;
They much admired the hardy tars,
And much of time was lost in gay pranks :

The morning had been passed in shooting
At targets on the ocean floating,
And o'er their chowder were disputing
These gallant soldiers, whether boating,
Sailing, gunning, walking, riding,
Or what, that gives brave young men
pleasure,
Had best be done ; and each, deciding
As suited best his time and leisure,
Had settled what he 'd like to do,
And each resolved to " put it through."
Their camp was just upon the cliff
That rises just beyond the beach ;
And if you have not been there, — if
You wish to go, — you soon can reach
It by walking or by driving ; —
The breeze you have there is reviving.
There tent, and flag, and glittering gun,
And well-stacked muskets standing nigh,
Proclaim their martial duties done, —
Save where the sentries silently

Pace with firm step their weary round,
To guard this jolly camping-ground.

IV.

Meanwhile the yachts were standing on
When, bearing down from Ten-Pound
Island,

They saw (the breeze was nearly gone)
A sight that made some sigh for dry land.

It was the serpent, fiercely raging.

On he came, with mighty strength ;
You 'd hardly call his air engaging,
If you should see him at full length.
On he came ; — Hunt's orders ran
Swift through the fleet and o'er the
waters,—

“ The world expects no valiant man
Will ever give that monster quarters.”
Each yacht for action clears her deck ;
Hunt gets his best bow-chasers ready ;
He thinks a little grape might check
His Snakeship, if both true and steady.

Like Bragg, the iron shower they pour,
And give him still "a little more."

See, from the Hope a smoky wreath
Is curling round her arrowy prow,

And gleams the flashing fire beneath ;
The ball is fairly opened now !

Just o'er his head those grape-shot
swept,

And one just grazed him near his mane ;

At this in terror up he leaped,
Some sixty feet ; with calm disdain

He gazed on this array of yachts ;
But, while he stood there still and shining,

There came at least some fifteen shots,
That taught him there was more design in

Man than he had lately thought of,
Nor was he yet to be made naught of.

Round and through him shot and ball
Hissed, and he hissed back, then, growl-

ing,
Plunged into the sea, while all
The ocean trembled with his howling.

Then, O, then, you should have seen,
How, thronging round him from below,
His courtiers came, while some fifteen
Thousand serpents made a show
Of grinning heads, and flashing tails,
Wild, tossing manes, and hideous eyes !
The sight o'er every doubt prevails,
And fills Hunt's party with surprise.
However, nobly they stand to their guns,
And blaze away hotly left and right;
For they know full well that he who runs
Will never hear the last of the fight.
Bloody then grew the water there ;
Many a serpent bites the ocean ;
While one old tar was heard to swear,
That he before had "had no notion,
That there were half so many snakes
At sea," — then, hitching up his trou-
sers,
The very best of aim he takes,
And nearly kills two jolly rousers.
Where all fought well 't is hard to say

Who fought the best ; but no one knew
Who aimed the shot, so fierce the fray,

That cut one serpent right in two.

One yacht was very hard beset

By forty serpents all together ;
And ere two salts had time to bet

Or guess how she the storm would
weather,

The yacht was over in the water,
While blushed the waves with mutual
slaughter.

Hunt, Forbes, and Prince were fighting
hard,

When they observed this new disaster.

Hunt saw for guns they'd no regard,

And so he thought he'd try if castor
Would drive them to their depths below,

And therefore ordered all on board

To leave their guns, and quickly throw

This drug, which he with care had
stored,

Into the waves. His men obey,

And, swifter than the god of day,
The serpents stream like light away.

v.

The soldiers still were at their chowder
And with them were their wives and
mothers ;
They heard the guns and smelt the powder ;
But thinking that their Gloucester broth-
ers

A grand salute for them were firing,
They sat and ate with zeal untiring.
It chanced now that our wounded snake,
Hit by a spent ball on the head,
That, for the moment seemed to make
Him careless how or where he fled,
Came like an arrow to the spot,
Uncalled, as comes the bride in Zampa,
And, rushing right among the lot,
Produced a most prodigious scamper.
With head high raised, and bristling mane,
And open jaws that spouted foam,

And angry eyes that gleamed with pain,

 And tail that lashed his ocean home,

With rushing bound he left the sea,

And plunged among the company !

Children, soldiers, maids, and men,

 Mothers, sweethearts, all, pell-mell,

Run as they ne'er ran till then ;

 Some, stumbling in their hurry, fell ;

While some, transfixed with silent terror,

 Sat still, — nor were they much in error,

Because his Snakeship, passing these,

 Pushed madly after those that ran ;

The sentinels the moment seize,

 And taking aim as Yankees can,

They fire, and hit him near the eye,

 And blind him so he cannot see ;

Now 't is the serpent's turn to fly

 From soldiers who no longer flee.

He turns to fly, but, eyesight gone,

 And smarting still with many a wound,

Cut up with shot, on land forlorn,

 He writhed with rage along the ground.

Meanwhile, the soldiers bravely form
Between him and the rocky shore,
And from their blazing ranks a storm
Of well-aimed bullets swiftly pour.
From the camp, their cannon blazing,
Rain upon him shot and ball ;
Oft they hit him ; his amazing
Strength seems conqueror over all.
Onward to the sea he charges,
Borne by instinct or by chance ;
Every heart with fear enlarges,
Lest they lose him. They advance,
And boldly with their swords attack
him,
And stab, and pierce, and hew, and hack
him !
Onward to the cliff he drags his
Body ; weaker seems he now ;
Steepest there of all the crags 't is ;
He is just upon its brow.
Down he plunges towards the main,
Where he ne'er shall swim again ;

For half on sea and half on land,
He dies upon that rocky strand.

VI.

“Victory ! ” the soldiers scream, —
Loud their shout is echoed back
From where Hunt’s pennons gayly stream ;
For he has watched their fierce attack.
Then all the fleet sent men to see
And measure their late enemy.
They found that he was near six hundred
Feet in length, and quite as large round
As any hogshead ; much they wondered ;
But here they heard an angry sound
Of many men disputing loudly ;
For all who have been in the fight
Claim, and assert their claim right proudly,
That all shall have an equal right
To share the proceeds of the capture ;
And blows occurred. But Hunt pro-
poses

A plan which all receive with rapture ;

It is, that they should just count noses,
And choose at once a smart committee,

And they would settle it of course ; —
(They settle all things now) — 't is fit three

Heads should rule, instead of force.

'T is done ; the chairman makes report,

To end dispute and further clamor, —

“ It 's been decided by the court

To bring his Snakeship to the hammer,
And sell him to the highest bidder,

And share the proceeds here directly.”

Now this seemed fair, and all consider

About his worth most circumspectly.

Prince bid him off for a cool thousand ;

Had him stuffed ('t was the first one
done),

Shipped him, he arrived at Cowes, and

Had him sent for show to London.

VII.

When they heard the news in Boston,
They rang the bells a week ;
And the people were so jolly there
That they could hardly speak
Of aught beside the fact that *he*,
The *serpent*, had been caught,
And wondered who that Prince might be,
Who had the monster bought ;
Because, you know, the Boston folks —
As well as all the nation, —
Mark, learn, read, well digest the man
Who makes a “speculation ! ”

But hold ! we gallop on too fast.
This *was done*, — but at Nahant
The yachts next day their anchors cast,
Returned in triumph from their jaunt.
With booming gun and martial strain,
They wake the echoes there again,

While all crowd round to hail and see
The gainers of this victory,
One yacht was gone, alas ! and they
 Who manned her in that desperate fight,
The young, the true, the brave, the gay,
 Were not forgotten there that night ;
They “cry, remembrance saddening o'er
 each brow,
How had the brave who fell exulted
 now !”

That evening, it was marked by all,
Sue Forbes was gayer than before,
For Prince was there to grace the ball ;
 But ere that brilliant ball was o'er,
They wandered to a balcony
That overhung the moon-lit sea.
Albert Prince in truth was sad,
 But still “not without hope his sor-
 row ; ”
For Sue Forbes' smile was ever glad,
And sober men full often borrow

Love from girls with auburn tresses,
And pay them — after — their addresses.

Dick Forbes observed the fair Miss Bell
Received him with some slight confu-
sion.

Ah, Love, thy deeds 't were vain to tell ! —
But I have come to this conclusion :
The saddest hearts within thy snares
Are often taken unawares.

VIII.

Next morning Hunt went up to town,
And with him went a jovial party ;
He only followed his renown, —
His friends there gave a welcome hearty.
And, I am told, some six months later,
Say about Christmas or New Year,
An *artiste* who knows how to cater
For all our brilliant *soirées* here,
Was seen, one morn, on *Beacon-street,
To enter at a mansion splendid,

Where all the world, that eve, would greet
Three brides, which twice three hundred
men did.

“ And all went merry as a marriage bell ; ”
But who they were ’t is yours to guess,
For I must bid these rhymes farewell.

Yet may I venture to transgress
On patience long since gone, to say,
That when the dark and gloomy night
Has ushered in *your* wedding-day,
O, may it be calm, clear, and bright,
With no Sea-Serpent to invade
And bear away the heart’s best treasure !
In sea-side cot or rural glade
O, may you live a life of pleasure,
As truly as our heroes three
Lived with their brides in harmony !

NOTES.

NOTE 1. (PAGE 8.)

PONTOPPIDAN, a bishop of Bergen, in Norway, who wrote in the year 1751, says, page 195, sec. 4 :— “The Soe-Ormen, the sea-snake, *serpens marinus magnus*, called by some in this country the Aaale-Tuft, is a wonderful and terrible sea-monster, which extremely deserves to be taken notice of by those who are curious to look into the works of the Creator.”

NOTE 2. (PAGE 11.)

“In Ullands parish there is a lake, of a middling size, which is said to have in it these snakes ; and the lake Store Mios, in Hedemarken, is long and deep enough for the largest ships.

“Ol. Magnus, Lib. XXI. Cap. xvii., Petr. Undalinus, in his description of Norway, Cap. vii. p. 36, and John Ramus, P. III. p. 82, affirm, that there are quantities of large snakes in these waters, one of which was seen to reach from

Oens Land to Kongs Landet ; this I'll leave on their authority, and only observe that, if it is true, the relation is mixed with fables, witchcraft, and omens, which should be exploded." — PONTOPPIDAN, *Natural History of Norway*, sec. 3, p. 39.

NOTE 3. (PAGE 13.)

The first verse, being translated literally, runs thus :

"The great sea-snake's the subject of my verse ;
For, though my eyes have never yet beheld him,
Nor ever shall desire the hideous sight,
Yet many accounts of men of truth unstained,
Whose every word I firmly do believe,
Show it to be a very frightful monster."

NOTE 4. (PAGE 39.)

The best account we have of the great serpent of Midgard, is in the work entitled "The Edda, or Ancient Icelandic (or Runic) Mythology." This book is, perhaps, as old as the Book of Job, or the writings of the Prophet Isaiah.

"THE EDDA, XXVII. FABLE.

"*Of the Journey undertaken by the God Thor, the Hercules of the Danish Gods, to go to fish for the Great Serpent.*

"It is impossible to express the dreadful looks that the god darted at the Serpent, whilst the

monster, raising his head, spouted out venom upon him. In the mean time, the Giant Eymer, seeing, with affright, the water enter his bark on all sides, cut, with his knife, the string of his fishing-line, just as Thor was going to strike the Serpent with his mace. Upon this, the monster fell down again to the bottom of the sea.”

NOTE 5. (PAGE 42.)

There is a farmer in Damariscotta, Maine, who really thinks that the Sea-Serpent knocks down his walls, and rolls in his grain !

NOTE 6. (PAGE 63.)

Captain Sturgis, of the Cutter Hamilton, informs me, that, while the cutter was off Boston Light a few years since, on a calm day in mid-summer, he was suddenly startled, while sitting in his cabin, by hearing a great noise on deck ; he ran up, and found the men on the quarter-deck, all of them looking extremely frightened. He at once demanded the cause of the disturbance. Some exclaimed, “The cutter is going ashore, sir !” Others said, “There is a strange monster close aboard of us forward ; — a serpent, or something else.” The gallant captain saw that his men were unusually alarmed, and therefore ran forward directly ; he there saw something

like a great snake, but only for an instant, for he dived down just as the captain reached the bow.

On page 42, the lieutenant, talking of ice islands, says, "*Where devils and foxes howled and chattered.*" I find, in "An Account of Two Voyages to New England, Anno. Dom. 1638, by John Joselyn, Gent.," that he mentions seeing icebergs on the sea, with foxes and devils on them. Rather a cold place for devils; but perhaps they were of the Scandinavian breed. He might have seen seals, and taken them for something else. Such a story is mere nonsense,—a traveller's tale, fit only for romances.

NOTE 7. (PAGE 69.)

Job xli. 9, 10:—"Behold, the hope of him is in vain: shall not one be cast down even at the sight of him? None is so fierce that dare stir him up: who, then, is able to stand before me?"

NOTE 8. (PAGE 69.)

"*These Ormens of the Soe.*" Or, "these snakes of the sea"; "the Soe Ormen"; "the Sea-Snake."

The Linnæan Society of New England received the following testimony, in the year 1817, with regard to these serpents leaping into vessels, from a resident of one of the islands in the Bay

of Penobscot, Maine, who declared that he had often seen a marine monster of this description, which was as large as a sloop's boom, and about sixty or seventy feet long. He asserted that, about the year 1780, as a schooner was lying at the mouth of the river, or in the bay, one of these enormous creatures leaped over it between the masts ; the men ran into the hold for fright, and the weight of the serpent sunk the vessel, which was of eighteen tons burthen, "one streak," or plank.

I give next the statement of Pontoppidan on this subject :

"The next question," says he, in sec. 8, page 202, of his valuable work, "is, whether they do mankind any injury, and in what manner they hurt the human species. Arndt Bernsen, in his account of the fertility of Denmark and Norway, page 308, affirms that they do ; and says, that the sea-snake often sinks both men and boats. The North-traders inform me of what has frequently happened with them, namely, that the sea-snake has raised itself up, and thrown itself suddenly across a boat, and sometimes even across a vessel of some hundred tons burthen, and by its weight has sunk it down to the bottom."

NOTE 9. (PAGE 70.)

"Of late, our fishermen have found the way, in the warm summer months, of providing them-

selves with castor, which they always carry with them when they go far out to sea ; they shut it up in a hole in the stern, and, if at any time they are particularly apprehensive of meeting with a sea-snake, they throw a little of it overboard ; for by frequent experience they know of a certainty that it always avoids this drug." — PONTOPPIDAN, *Natural History of Norway*, sec. 8, p. 203.

On page 50, I say, "*Aqua vitæ and castor they threw in the wave.*" *Aqua vitæ* may do, but I should have said assafoetida ; for, Pontoppidan says, sec. 8, page 204, — "An eminent apothecary here has informed me, that, instead of castor, our fishermen provide themselves with nothing but assafoetida ; for, if what they carry have but a strong smell, it has the same effect upon those sea-snakes ; besides, assafoetida comes at a lower price than castor."

NOTE 10. (PAGE 79.)

The Devil-Fish is one of the ugliest fishes in the sea. At this dinner-party given by the Serpent, I have endeavored to introduce only such fish as are the most hostile to each other. We sometimes see queerly-assorted dinner-parties on land ; those, however, are not *usually* intentional. The sharks, not belonging to the aristocratic circle in which the Serpent circulates, were not invited. The Wolf-Fish, as its name implies, eats

everything it can get. And, in Storer's Report of the Fishes of Massachusetts, page 69, I find that "this ferocious species is captured about rocky ledges at all seasons of the year," and that "its hideous appearance renders it an object of disgust."

NOTE 11. (PAGE 86.)

"*My squids here will make you some excellent sport.*" The Squid (the Indian *Remora*, or Sucking-Fish,) is found in Boston Bay. (See "Storer's Fishes of Massachusetts," page 153.)

In a book on fishes, printed in Dublin, Ireland, in 1820, I find the following account: "The Indians of Jamaica and Cuba formerly used the Sucking-Fish in the catching of other fishes, somewhat in the same manner as hawks are employed by a falconer in seizing birds."

NOTE 12. (PAGE 87.)

"*Cape May and the Pool,*" &c.—The Pool (better known, perhaps, as Winter Harbor) is a deep and safe harbor, near the mouth of Saco River, and about nine miles from the two flourishing towns of Saco and Biddeford, Maine.



SOME REMARKS

BY THE AUTHOR.

I SHALL endeavor, in this division of my subject, to give only the best authenticated facts with regard to this monster, and only those letters that are entirely worthy of respect and confidence, both from the high reputation that their authors enjoy, and also from the fact, that these men, who appear to testify, are the very men who, in our courts, would command, from their position and their practical knowledge, the greatest attention.

The writer of an article in the Westminster Review, who seems to have no doubt in his own mind as to the existence of this animal, says with great truth :—

“ It seems to us that the witnesses called on behalf of the Sea-Serpent, afford the very best evidence that could be wished.

The majority of our professors and curators would not know a whale from a porpoise, a porpoise from a shark, a shark from an ichthyosaurus, if they beheld these creatures in their native element ; it is when beasts are stuffed with straw, or reduced to skeletons, or when fragments of their bones are placed under the compound microscope, that the knowledge of them among these *savans* begins and ends ; but the mariner, the whaler, the harpooner, the porpoise-shooter, the practical fisherman,—these know the creatures of the deep from each other, and can pronounce with wonderful exactitude if they see but the smallest portion above the water ; they are the men whose sight is sharpened by use, whose book is nature, whose knowledge is practical, and whose evidence on such a subject is far better than any other. The men ‘ who go down to the sea in ships ’ are they of whom we must inquire its wonders. They, indeed, may see a school of porpoises following each other, head to tail ; they may watch their gambols, and

haply single out a big one for a trial of the harpoon or the rifle ; but no seaman would mistake them for anything else.

" In all our inquiries, we must have regard to the capacity of a witness for giving information. Even the microscope, the secret-revealing implement of the learned, requires a kind of education on the part of the beholder. Doubtless the mariner, who first peeped through the wonder-working tube, would arrive at conclusions as erroneous as the learned fool who comments on the creatures of the deep ; but he surely would not venture to print his blunders, or pass off his crude observations as worthy the attention of the world. And yet our *savans* are forever doing this, and forever giving opinions on subjects which they cannot understand ; promulgating hypotheses founded on imagined facts ; drawing ideal pictures of nature, and reasoning on them as truths ; throwing aside realities for fictions ; and hermetically sealing their eyes, and closing their ears, against the entrance of information, because informa-

tion itself is supposed to clash with pre-conceived opinions, to interfere with hypotheses to which they are pledged, and, in fine, to damage their claim to the exclusive disposal of scientific knowledge. Their object is to represent all matters as *they would have them*, without any reference to what *they are*."

The following letter of Louis Agassiz, LL. D., Professor of Zoölogy and Geology in the Lawrence Scientific School of the University at Cambridge, together with part of a lecture delivered in Philadelphia during the last winter, is at least evidence that this distinguished *savan* does not keep his eyes "hermetically sealed," or his ears closed "against the entrance of information."

"EUGENE BATCHELDER, Esq. —

"DEAR SIR: I return my thanks for the papers communicated about the existence of the so-called Sea-Serpent. Though I am not at all disposed to endorse all the reports current upon this animal, from the

evidence I have received I can no longer doubt the existence of some large marine reptile, allied to Ichthyosaurus and Plesiosaurus, yet unknown to naturalists. The facts mentioned to me by eye-witnesses have led me into an investigation of the probable relations of the great Sea-Monster, and I have recently expressed my opinion upon this subject, in connection with other matters, in a lecture delivered in Philadelphia last winter, of which I inclose a report, of which you may make any use you please. The general character of this continent, with its paleozoic types still alive, renders this supposition very probable.

“ With high regard,

“ Respectfully yours,

“ L. AGASSIZ.

“ CAMBRIDGE, 15 June, 1849.”

EXTRACT FROM THE THIRTEENTH LECTURE OF
PROFESSOR AGASSIZ,

DELIVERED IN PHILADELPHIA, TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH
20TH, 1849.

“ There is satisfactory evidence that,
during the deposition of the lowest strata,

there were no extensive continents. Indeed, there are, in the coal strata of Great Britain, France, and other countries, indications of there having been groups of small islands, gradually increasing by successive deposits, and combining to form continents. In what is usually called the *Old World* there are no indications of large islands in the earliest periods. America, so far from being a New World, is the oldest continent. Even before the deposition of the coal, North America had nearly its present outline, — the coal basins being great inland seas; while it is probable that, at this time, the whole of the Old World was only a group of small islands.

“A number of interesting facts have been ascertained in regard to the animals and plants which exist in different portions of the globe; these differing considerably, according to their latitude and longitude. In the arctic regions of Asia, Europe, and America, there is an astonishing uniformity in the plants and animals. As we proceed toward the temperate zone, there is a

greater diversity. In the tropics we find the animals and plants of different countries to be entirely of a different character ; and, as we proceed towards the southern pole, we do not find that they resume their uniformity. We find, also, various countries characterized by peculiar species of animals as well as plants ; a very remarkable peculiarity in this distribution is the fact that both the animals and plants now found in this country are related to those belonging to earlier geological periods of Europe. The walnut, cypress, and other trees of this country, are only found in a fossil state in Europe. Among animals, also, the snapping-turtle, the large frogs and salamanders of this country, occur only as fossils in Europe. Again, the genus of fish called *Lepidostas*, of which the garpike found in America is a species, does not resemble the recent European fossils, but those of the old Oolitic period. These facts indicate that this continent has not undergone the same successive changes as the Old World. There the changes are

comparatively recent, and the upheaving of mountains and formation of valleys have put an end to many animals of which we find living representatives on the continent of North America.

"Among the fossils of Europe of the period during which the gar-pike existed there, and when the Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri existed also, there were also sharks with flat teeth, such as are found now on the south-west coast of New Holland. I have asked myself, in connection with this subject, whether there is not such an animal as the Sea-Serpent. There are many who will doubt the existence of such a creature until it can be brought under the dissecting-knife; but it has been seen by so many on whom we may rely, that it is wrong to doubt any longer. The truth is, however, that if a naturalist had to sketch the outlines of an Ichthyosaurus or Plesiosaurus from the remains we have of them, he would make a drawing very similar to the Sea-Serpent as it has been described. There is reason to think that the parts are

soft and perishable, but I still consider it probable that it will be the good fortune of some person on the coast of Norway or North America to find a living representative of this type of reptile, which is thought to have died out."

The following extract from a letter from one of the most distinguished merchants of Boston is worthy of the highest consideration: —

"EUGENE BATCHELDER, Esq. —

"BOSTON, April 26, 1849.

"DEAR SIR: I have never had any doubt of the existence of the Sea-Serpent since the morning he was seen off Nahant by old Martial Prince, through his famous mast-head spy-glass. For, within the next two hours, I conversed with Mr. Samuel Cabot, and Mr. Daniel P. Parker, I think, and one or more persons beside, who had spent a part of that morning in witnessing its movements. In addition, Col. Harris, the commander at Fort Independence, told me that the creature had been seen by a

number of his soldiers while standing sentry in the early dawn, some time before this show at Nahant; and Col. Harris believed it as firmly as though the creature were drawn up before us in State-street, where we then were.

"I again say, I have never, from that day to this, had a doubt of the *Sea-Serpent's existence*. The revival of the stories will bring out many facts, that will place the matter before our people in such a light as will make them *as much ashamed to doubt*, as *they formerly were* to believe in its existence.

"Yours truly,

"AMOS LAWRENCE." *

Before giving any more letters or facts on this subject, I wish to introduce one or two passages from the Bible, where the word *leviathan* occurs, about which theologians and naturalists have had so many warm discussions. I shall, therefore, begin

* This letter is also published in *The Life of Amos Lawrence*.

with the Book of Job ; for, says Bishop Lowth, “ That the Book of Job is the most ancient of all the sacred books is, I think, manifest by the subject, the language, the general character, and even from the obscurity of the work. It savors altogether of the antique, insomuch that whosoever would suppose it written after the Babylonish captivity, would fall little short of the error of Hardoiun, who ascribed the golden verses of Virgil and Horace to the iron age of monkish pedantry and superstition.” Dr. Hale supposed Job to have lived about the year 2130 B. C. Job, therefore, being the first one of the inspired writers that mentions the leviathan, I shall commence with him, and give afterwards the other passages where the leviathan is noticed in the Old Testament.

Job, Chapter xli. 1 : “ Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook ? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down ? ”

Now, we are very gravely assured by Townsend, in a note on the margin, that “ this is a whale, or — a *whirlpool* ! ”

What man, in his right mind, could ever think of drawing out a *whirlpool* with a *cord*? Who ever heard of a *whirlpool* with a *tongue*? The note goes on to say, — “The leviathan here described is, in the opinion of Bochart, the *crocodile*.” Who ever heard of a *crocodile* living in the *ocean*? But the note declares, finally, — “The description suits no other amphibious animal at present known.” Now, as I intend to make a few comments on this note, and also on this forty-first chapter of Job, I introduce it here, that all may, if they will, be convinced that a leviathan is not, *at least*, a whirlpool.

CHAPTER XLI.

1. Canst thou draw out leviathan with a hook? or his tongue with a cord *which* thou lettest down?
2. Canst thou put a hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn?
3. Will he make many supplications unto thee? will he speak soft *words* unto thee?
4. Will he make a covenant with thee? wilt thou take him for a servant forever?
5. Wilt thou play with him as *with* a bird? or wilt thou bind him for thy maidens?
6. Shall thy companions make a banquet of him? shall they part him among the merchants?

7. Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons ?
or his head with fish-spears ?

8. Lay thine hand upon him, remember the
battle, do no more.

9. Behold, the hope of him is in vain ; shall not
one be cast down even at the sight of him ?

10. None *is so* fierce that dare stir him up :
who then is able to stand before me ?

11. Who hath prevented me that I should repay
him? *whatsoever is* under the whole heaven is
mine.

12. I will not conceal his parts, nor his power,
nor his comely proportion.

13. Who can discover the face of his garment ?
or who can come *to him* with his double bridle ?

14. Who can open the doors of his face ? his
teeth *are* terrible round about.

15. *His scales are his* pride, shut up together
as with a close seal.

16. One is so near to another, that no air can
come between them.

17. They are joined one to another, they stick
together, that they cannot be sundered.

18. By his neesings a light doth shine, and his
eyes *are* like the eyelids of the morning.

19. Out of his mouth go burning lamps, *and*
sparks of fire leap out.

20. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as *out of*
a seething-pot or caldron.

21. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth
out of his mouth.

22. In his neck remaineth strength, and sorrow
is turned into joy before him.

23. The flakes of his flesh are joined together :
they are firm in themselves : they cannot be
moved.

24. His heart is as firm as a stone, yea, as hard as a piece of the nether *millstone*.

25. When he raiseth up himself, the mighty are afraid : by reason of breaking they purify themselves.

26. The sword of him that layeth at him cannot hold ; the spear, the dart, nor the habergeon.

27. He esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood.

28. The arrow cannot make him flee ; slingstones are turned with him into stubble.

29. Darts are counted as stubble ; he laugheth at the shaking of a spear.

30. Sharp stones are under him ; he spreadeth sharp-pointed things upon the mire.

31. He maketh the deep to boil like a pot ; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment.

32. He maketh a path to shine after him ; one would think the deep to be hoary.

33. Upon earth there is not his like, who is made without fear.

34. He beholdeth all high *things* ; he is a king over all the children of pride.

And, in the first place, what is the definition of the Hebrew word *leviathan*? If you look in Gesenius's Hebrew and English Lexicon, you will find it to be as follows : " LEVIATHAN. An animal *wreathed*, *gathering* itself in *folds*." Here, I presume, the commentators will say, with their usual ingenuity in such cases, that perhaps this animal is of the *sheep* kind, and must

therefore be *gathered in folds*. But, alas. for such *sheepish* commentators ! the next definition would destroy their theory at once : — “ LEVIATHAN. *A Serpent*, especially a large one.” So Isaiah xxvii. 1 : “ In that day the Lord, with his sore, and great, and strong sword, shall punish leviathan the piercing serpent, even leviathan that crooked serpent ; and he shall slay the dragon that is in the sea.”

It may be said that this verse refers to the 20th chapter, 1st verse (which see). If so, then this serpent of the sea *is indeed* (what I have long suspected might be the fact) the devil. But let us go on with our definition.

“ 2. Spec. The crocodile, Job xli. 25, etc. 3. A sea-monster, Ps. civ. 26.” I insert this passage, also :

23. Man goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening.

24. O LORD, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all ; the earth is full of thy riches ;

25. So is this great and wide sea, wherein *are* things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

26. There go the ships ; *there is* that leviathan,
whom thou hast made to play therein.

27. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayst
give *them* their meat in due season.

28. *That* thou givest them they gather ; thou
openest thy hand, they are filled with good.

King David, it seems, did not think it a ship, or a whirlpool. It would certainly be an interesting sight to see a whirlpool or a ship eating meat? The definition, again, regards this passage in the sense of a cruel enemy (as this serpent is undoubtedly far more cruel than the whale), and refers us to Ps. lxxiv. 14, Isaiah li. 9, Ezra xxix. 3, xxxii. 2, 3. Bochart Hieroz., P. II. Lib. V. cap. xvi., xviii. Here we must pause a moment to see what Pontoppidan, the Bishop of Bergen, says with regard to these passages of Scripture, and also what is *his* opinion with regard to what Bochart says on this subject, which he gives in section 9, p. 106, of his Natural History of Norway, as follows :

“ The supposition that the Sea-Snake answers the description of the leviathan better than any other animal yet known,

and may be understood by the leviathan, or the crooked serpent (Isaiah xxvii. 1) that shall slay the dragon that is in the sea, or that it may be the long serpent mentioned in Job xxvi. 13, is not without some foundation."

I insert here the 12th and 13th verses from that chapter :

"He divideth the sea with his power, and by his understanding he smiteth through the proud. By his spirit he hath garnished the heavens ; his hand hath formed the crooked serpent."

Again, Pontoppidan says, in the same place : "That it is the *Piercing-Serpent*, or the *Boom-serpent* (*serpens vectis*, according to some authors), is not improbable ; for they often lie stretched out before a creek, like a boom, to block the passage. If Bouchart had had any knowledge of this creature, which is very little known anywhere but in the North, he probably would not have taken the whale to be the leviathan. 'Cetum Hebræi iisdem nominibus appellant quibus Draconem, nempe, Thannin et Le-

viathan, aut ob formæ similitudinem, aut ratione molis, et quia cetus in aquatilibus tantum præstat, quantum in reptilibus præstant virtute Dracones.' (Hierozoic, Lib. I. cap. vi. p. 45.) The similitude of shape which writers urge betwixt the whale and the dragon, is what I cannot find out ; nor can I discover how this author (whom I otherwise esteem as one of the most learned men the world ever produced) comes to say in the same place, 'Balænam multi volunt ideo dici סְנָה שְׂנָה Serpentem vectis (Isaiah xxvii. 1), quod ab uno maris extremo ad alterum, vectis instar, attingat.' This does not at all agree with the whale, which is usually but fifty, seventy, or at most, eighty feet in length ; at least not near so well as with the Sea-Snake." Here Pонтопидан states that the length of the Sea-Serpent is variously estimated, by fishermen and others, to be from one hundred to two hundred feet, and he informs us that some fishermen think him six hundred feet long. He thinks that two or more of these snakes follow each other in

a line, as they have been seen to extend to great lengths. And then he observes further, that, “what the word of God says, in the place already cited, of the leviathan, namely, that it is both a Pole-serpent and a Crooked-serpent,—that is, he is soon bent in a curve, and soon stretched again in a straight line,—agrees perfectly with this Sea-snake, according to what has already been said.”

But I must go on with the definition. The next meaning given is “to roll, Germ. *rollen*, to wind,” &c. I also find, in a more critical lexicon, by Guilelmus Gesenius, that this word, *leviathan*, is defined in Latin as follows; “(Animal) flexum, in spiras convolutum. 1. serpens, &c. 2. spec. crocodilus. (Job xl. 25, &c.) 3. quævis belua magna aquatilis. (Ps. civ. 26.) [This passage I have already given.] Eaque pro hoste attroce. (Ps. lxxiv. 13 and 14.)” I insert these two verses also: “Thou didst divide the sea by thy strength: thou breakest the heads of the dragons in the waters. Thou breakest the heads of levi-

athan in pieces, *and gavest him to be meat* to the people inhabiting the wilderness.” Now it can hardly be presumed that the children of Israel were to eat either dragons, serpents, or crocodiles ; in fact, these verses cannot be taken literally, for we are referred by the commentator to the 14th chapter of Numbers, where Joshua tells the children of Israel that they shall prevail over the Hittites, the Jebusites, and the Amorites, in the 9th verse. “ Only rebel not ye against the Lord, neither fear ye the people of the land : *for they are bread for us*: their defence is departed from them, and the Lord is with us : fear them not.” Now, nobody supposes that the children of Israel were cannibals, and that they meant to eat the Hittites, the Jebusites, and the Amorites *for bread*, any more than they were to eat the crocodile, the dragon, or the leviathan *for meat*. The Bible simply means to tell us here, that the people of the land flowing with milk and honey would be destroyed by them, as the hosts of Pharaoh were destroyed in the

Red Sea, or the same as the Lord broke “the heads of leviathan in pieces.” But to conclude this argument, I shall insist that the leviathan cannot be a crocodile, because *crocodiles only swim in fresh water*, and the leviathan is usually mentioned as *swimming in the sea*. But commentators say that the sea means in some cases the river Nile, and, as there were plenty of crocodiles in the Nile, and the 41st chapter of Job, 30th verse, declares that the leviathan comes on shore, therefore the leviathan is a crocodile. Well, it is a comfort to find that we are no longer contending with a whale or a whirlpool ; for I presume that it is very rare to meet with either the one or the other on shore. Commentators (even the most learned) seem to be a little in doubt as to the true meaning of this word *leviathan*. The best Hebrew scholars are well aware that it means a serpent, for this is the first definition given in the Hebrew lexicon ; yet they have decided not to translate the word in the text, but to let it stand almost in the original Hebrew, that

people may speculate on its true meaning ; or have been satisfied by giving a note or two, sometimes filled with the most various learning, but too often so absurd as to call into play the tongue of satire, or the keen shafts of ridicule. I must tell a story in this connection, and I am done ; for, driven as I am by commentators from the *sea* to the *river*, which they contend is the *sea*, and therefore decide that they must have a leviathan in the river also (a wish on their part perfectly natural), I intend to gratify them by giving them a well-authenticated serpent, in a river in Egypt, that will answer the description in Job far better than the crocodile.

“Diodorus Siculus, Lib. III., relates of a serpent in Egypt, sixty feet long, which, though but small in comparison of those we have been speaking of, yet was in appearance too large to be caught and carried alive to Alexandria, to be presented to King Ptolemy the Second. This great prince was eminent for his curiosity. He was desirous of seeing everything that was

strange or scarce. Those that brought him elephants, or any other uncommon animals, were liberally rewarded. By this means the Greeks became acquainted with many things that were before utterly unknown to them. Such a laudable curiosity, and so noble a spirit in a king, to reward all those that contributed to please and instruct him, prevailed upon a company of huntsmen to attempt to bring him the aforesaid great serpent, which LIVED CHIEFLY in the WATER, but strayed ashore from its proper element a considerable distance every day, to make a prey of the farmers' cattle for his subsistence. Their first attack, which was very vigorous, failed, as the historian says, and cost about twenty of them their lives; but, as the rest grew more experienced by this loss, they would not relinquish their enterprise, being in hopes of receiving a greater reward in case they should succeed. They conquered it at last by making a large net, of very strong ropes, and watching their opportunity when the creature went out in search of prey; then

they stopped up the way it usually took in its return, and made a kind of defile, through which it was obliged to pass. At the end of this they placed the net, and drove the monster into it. When they had thus secured it, they carried it to the king, who gave them a reward suited to the strangeness of the creature and the hazard of their enterprise. The serpent was saved to be a sight for strangers who visited Ptolemy's court, and had every day a large allowance of proper food."—PONTOPPIDAN, *Natural History of Norway*, sec. 10, page 209.

Now, may not this be the leviathan mentioned in the Book of Job?

E. B.

CAMBRIDGE, 1857.

LETTERS, FACTS, AND EXTRACTS FROM NEWSPAPERS.

1817.

BOSTON, *August* 18.

MONSTROUS SERPENT.—We have seen several letters from Gloucester, which describe a prodigious snake that has made its appearance in Cape Ann harbor. It was first seen at some distance from shore by some fishermen, ten or twelve days ago; but it was then generally believed to be the creature of the imagination, and of the family

“Of that huge snake tremendous, curled,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world.”

But he has since come within the harbor of Gloucester, and has been seen by hundreds of people. He is declared by some persons, who approached within ten or fifteen yards of him, to be sixty or seventy feet in length; round, and of the diameter of a barrel. Others state his length variously, from fifty to one hundred feet. His motions are serpentine, extremely varied, and exceedingly rapid. He turns himself completely round almost instantaneously. He sometimes

darts forward with his head out of water, at the rate of a mile in three minutes, leaving a wake behind him of half a mile in length. His head, as large as the head of a horse, is shaped somewhat like that of a large dog, is raised about eight feet out of water, and is partly white, the other part black. He appears to be full of joints, and resembles a string of buoys on a net-rope, as set in the water to catch herring. Others describe him as like a string of water-casks. His back is black. Various attempts have been made, without success, to take him. Four boats went out on Thursday, filled with adventurous sailors and experienced gunners, armed with muskets, harpoons, &c. Three muskets were discharged at him from a distance of thirty feet; two balls were thought to strike his head, but without effect. He immediately after plunged into the water, and disappeared for a short time, after which he moved off to the outer harbor, and was seen no more that night. A number of persons are employed in making a net of cod-lines, of sufficient strength and size to take him. It is conjectured that he has resorted to this harbor for the purpose of preying upon a very numerous shoal of herrings, which have lately appeared there. If he has been instrumental, as is supposed, in driving these herring into the harbor, he has rendered an essential service to the town.

THE editor of the *New York Gazette* "gravely" affects to doubt the existence of the sea-monster on our coast. Perhaps he has yet to learn that it is as much the part of folly to doubt, in the face of abundant and unquestionable evidence, as it is to listen with credulity to vague and improbable rumors.

1820.

SALEM, August 11.

A SEA-SERPENT.—In our last paper we mentioned the recent appearance of the Sea-Serpent at Phillips' Beach, and at the same time stated to the public the sources of our information and the grounds of our belief. The *Register*, in a summary and dogmatical style, attempts to discredit our statement; our assertions are, however, controverted only by the authority of some anonymous "friend." But, as the public cannot be expected to pin its faith on the bold assertions of any editor or "friend," facts only are entitled to attention.

Since our last, inquiries have again been made of the persons whom we named, and they have now confirmed by solemn depositions the statement we published. Messrs. Lewis, King, Reynolds, and Ingalls, are men of intelligence and credibility; when they relate what they aver they saw, we believe them.

In the opinion of some, however, to be *incred-*

ulous is to be *wise*. The subject, we are aware, is interesting to the public, especially to naturalists ; and, wishing not to trifle with what is serious, we have taken the pains to put in an authentic shape the information we have gathered, which we now publish. — *Gazette*.

I, Andrew Reynolds, of Lynn, of lawful age, depose and say,—That, on Saturday, the fifth day of August, inst., about one o'clock, p. m., I discovered in the water near Phillips' Beach, at Swampscot, an animal different from any that I had ever seen before ; he was lying on the surface of the water, which was at that time very smooth, and appeared to be about fifty or sixty feet long.

Jona. B. Lewis, and Benj. King, who work in the same shop with me, also saw him ; and we took a boat and rowed towards him ; we approached within about thirty yards of him, and had a very distinct view of him. He had a head about two feet long, and shaped somewhat like an egg, which he carried out of the water when he was moving. There were several protuberances on his back, the highest points of which appeared to be seven or eight inches above the level of the water. He was perfectly black. When we first drew towards him, he was moving westerly from Phillips' Point, and, as we drew near to him, he turned and moved to the east-

ward ; and, when we got within about thirty yards of him, he sunk under water and disappeared. ANDREW REYNOLDS.

ESSEX, ss. August 10, 1820.—Subscribed and sworn to before

JOHN PRINCE, Jun., *Jus. Pacis.*

I, Jona. B. Lewis, of Lynn, of lawful age, de-
pose and say,—That I went in the boat with Andrew Reynolds and Benj. King, to see the animal described by said Reynolds in his deposition, and that the description of him therein given is correct. As I was rowing, I had not so good an opportunity of viewing him as Mr. King had, who sat in the stern-sheets with his face towards him all the time. JONA. B. LEWIS.

ESSEX, ss. August 10, 1820.—Subscribed and sworn to before

JOHN PRINCE, Jun., *Jus. Pacis.*

I, Benjamin King, of Lynn, of lawful age, de-
pose and say,—That, on Saturday, August 5th, I went out in a boat with Andrew Reynolds and Jonathan B. Lewis, to see the animal described in said Reynolds' deposition. I had a perfectly good view of him, and his description of him is correct. I counted twenty-three protuberances on him distinctly visible at once ; I judged him to be about seventy feet long. I sat in the stern of

the boat, and had a better opportunity of seeing him than the others, who were rowing.

BENJAMIN KING.

ESSEX, ss. August 10, 1820.—Subscribed and sworn to before

JOHN PRINCE, Jun., *Jus. Pacis.*

I, Joseph Ingalls, of Lynn, of lawful age, depose and say,—That, on Saturday, August 5th, I saw the animal described by Mr. Reynolds and the others who went with him in the boat. I saw him from my shop, which is on the water's edge; I judged him to be about twenty feet long; but, when the young men returned to the shop, we had a conversation about him, and they said, that, as they drew near to him, he appeared much longer than he did when they saw him from the shop. I have no doubt that the description they have given of him is correct.

JOSEPH INGALLS.

ESSEX, ss. August 10, 1820.—Subscribed and sworn to before

JOHN PRINCE, Jun., *Jus. Pacis.*

1823.

A SEA-SERPENT.—I, Francis Johnson, Jr., testify, that, in going into the harbor from Nahant, July 12, 1823, at 9 A. M., I saw standing into Lynn

harbor something in the water resembling a row of porpoises. I then supposed it to be such, and forbore to notice it. About two hours afterwards, I heard a noise in the water, and saw, about four rods distant, something resembling the head of a fish or serpent, elevated about two feet above the surface, followed by seven or eight bunches, the first about six feet from the head, all about six feet apart, and raised about six inches above the water. It stood eastwardly at the rate of five miles an hour, with an undulating motion, like that of a caterpillar. Its color was dark, like that of a shark or porpoise. I pursued it about a mile, being in a small fishing-boat, and had a fair view of it for about thirty minutes, the water being smooth, and the sky clear ; and then lost sight of it, supposing it to dive beneath the surface. I believe it to be what I took for a row of porpoises two hours before. I am about twenty years of age ; was born and have always lived at Nahant ; have been constantly employed in fishing ; have seen every species of fish accustomed to visit our coast, but never saw anything resembling this. I have heretofore constantly doubted the existence of the *Sea-Serpent*, but now firmly believe what I saw to be the animal hitherto described as such.

(Signed)

FRANCIS JOHNSON, Jr.

Nahant, July 12, 1823.

We hereby certify that the above statement

was given in our presence ; and, from our knowledge of the character of Mr. Johnson, we have no doubt of his veracity.

(Signed)

H. A. S. DEARBORN,
NATH. AMORY,
SIDNEY BARTLETT,
THOS. WETMORE,
RICH'D D. HARRIS,
RUSSELL JARVIS.

I certify that Francis Johnson, Jr., made the same report to me, previous to his landing at Nahant.

J. S. DORR.

Nahant, July 12, 1823.

[*Boston Patriot.*



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